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[Vol. I.]

THE EDITORS' ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

IT is usual for one who presents the public with a periodical work like the present, to introduce himself to the notice of his readers by some sort of preface or address. I take up the pen in conformity to this custom, but am quite at a loss for topics suitable to so interesting an occasion. I cannot expatiate on the variety of my knowledge, the brilliancy of my wit, the versatility of my talents. To none of these do I lay any claim, and though this variety, brilliancy of solidity, are necessary ingredients in a work of this kind, I trust merely to the zeal and liberality of my friends to supply me with them. I have them not myself, but doubt not of the good offices of those who possess them, and shall think myself entitled to no small praise, if I am able to collect into one focal spot the rays of a great number of luminaries. They also may be very unequal to each other in lustre, and some of them may be little better than twinkling and feeble stars, of the hundredth magnitude; but what is wanting in indivi-

dual splendor, will be made up by the union of all their beams into one. My province shall be *to hold the mirror up* so as to assemble all their influence within its verge, and reflect them on the public in such manner as to warm and enlighten.

As I possess nothing but zeal, I can promise to exert nothing else; but my consolation is, that, aided by that powerful spirit, many have accomplished things much more arduous than that which I propose to myself.

Many are the works of this kind which have risen and fallen in America, and many of them have enjoyed but a brief existence. This circumstance has always at first sight, given me some uneasiness; but when I come more soberly to meditate upon it, my courage revives, and I discover no reason for my doubts. Many works have actually been reared and sustained by the curiosity and favour of the public. They have ultimately declined or fallen, it is true; but why? From no abatement of the public curiosity,

but from causes which publishers or editors only are accountable. Those who managed the publication, have commonly either changed their principles, remitted their zeal, or voluntarily relinquished their trade, or, last of all, and like other men, have died. Such works have flourished for a time, and they ceased to flourish, by the fault or misfortune of the proprietors. The public is always eager to encourage one who devotes himself to their rational amusement, and when he ceases to demand or to deserve their favour, they feel more regret than anger in withdrawing it.

The world, by which I mean the few hundred persons, who concern themselves about this work, will naturally inquire who it is who thus addresses them. "This is somewhat more than a point of idle curiosity," my reader will say, "for, from my knowledge of the man must I infer how far he will be able or willing to fulfil his promises. Besides, it is great importance to know, whether his sentiments on certain subjects, be agreeable or not to my own. In politics, for example, he may be a male-content: in religion an heretic. He may be an ardent advocate for all that I abhor, or he may be a celebrated champion of my favourite opinions. It is evident that these particulars must dictate the treatment you receive from me, and make me either your friend or enemy: your patron or your persecutor. Besides, I am anxious for some personal knowledge of you, that I may judge of your literary merits. You may, possibly, be one of these, who came hither from the old world to seek your fortune; who have handled the pen as others handle the awl or the needle: that is, for the sake of a livelihood: and who, therefore, are willing to work on any kind of cloth or leather, and to any model that may be in demand. You may, in the course of your trade, have accommodated yourself to twenty different fashions, and have served twenty classes of customers;

have copied at one time, a Parisian; at another, a London fashion: and have truckled to the humours, now of a precise enthusiast, and now of a smart freethinker.

"'Tis of no manner of importance what creed you may publicly profess on this occasion, or on what side, religious or political, you may declare yourself enlisted. To judge of the value or sincerity of these professions: to form some notion how far you will faithfully or skillfully perform your part, I must know your character. By that knowledge, I shall regulate myself with more certainty than by any anonymous declaration you may think proper to make."

I bow to the reasonableness of these observations, and shall therefore take no pains to conceal my name. Any body may know it who chuses to ask me or my publisher. I shall not, however, put it at the bottom of this address. My diffidence, as my friends would call it; and my discretion, as my enemies, if I have any, would term it, hinders me from calling out my name in a crowd. It has heretofore hindered me from making my appearance there, when impelled by the strongest of human considerations, and produces, at this time, an insuperable aversion to naming myself to my readers. The mere act of calling out my own name, on this occasion, is of no moment, since an author or editor who takes no pains to conceal himself, cannot fail of being known to as many as desire to know him. And whether my notoriety make for me or against me, I shall use no means to prevent it.

I am far from wishing, however, that my readers should judge of my exertions by my former ones. I have written much, but take much blame to myself for something which I have written, and take no praise for any thing. I should enjoy a larger share of my own respect, at the present moment, if nothing had ever flowed from my pen, the production of which could be traced to me.

A variety of causes induce me to form such a wish, but I am principally influenced by the consideration that time can scarcely fail of enlarging and refining the powers of a man, while the world is sure to judge of his capacities and principles at fifty, from what he has written at fifteen.

Meanwhile, I deem it reasonable to explain the motives of the present publication, and must rely for credit on the good nature of my readers. The project is not a mercenary one. Nobody relies for subsistence on its success, nor does the editor put any thing but his reputation at stake. At the same time, he cannot but be desirous of an ample subscription, not merely because pecuniary profit is acceptable, but because this is the best proof which he can receive that his endeavours to amuse and instruct have not been unsuccessful.

Useful information and rational amusement being his objects, he will not scruple to collect materials from all quarters. He will ransack the newest foreign publications, and extract from them whatever can serve his purpose. He will not forget that a work, which solicits the attention of many readers, must build its claim on the variety as well as copiousness of its contents.

As to *domestic* publications, besides extracting from them any thing serviceable to the public, he will give a critical account of them, and in this respect, make his work an American Review, in which the history of our native literature shall be carefully detailed.

He will pay particular attention to the history of passing events. He will carefully compile the news, foreign and domestic, of the current month, and give, in a concise and systematic order, that intelligence which the common newspapers communicate in a vague and indiscriminate way. His work shall likewise be a repository of all those signal incidents in private life, which mark the character of the age, and excite the liveliest curiosity.

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This is an imperfect sketch of his work, and to accomplish these ends, he is secure of the liberal aid of many most respectable persons in this city, and New-York. He regrets the necessity he is under of concealing these names, since they would furnish the public with irresistible inducements to read, what, *when* they had read, they would find sufficiently recommended by its own merits.

In an age like this, when the foundations of religion and morality have been so boldly attacked, it seems necessary in announcing a work of this nature, to be particularly explicit as to the path which the editor means to pursue. He, therefore, avows himself to be, without equivocation or reserve, the ardent friend and the willing champion of the Christian religion. Christian piety he reveres as the highest excellence of human beings, and the amplest reward he can seek, for his labour, is the consciousness of having, in some degree however inconsiderable, contributed to recommend the practice of religious duties.

As, in the conduct of this work, a supreme regard will be paid to the interests of religion and morality, he will scrupulously guard against all that dishonours or impairs that principle. Every thing that savours of indelicacy or licentiousness will be rigorously proscribed. His poetical pieces may be dull, but they shall, at least, be free from voluptuousness or sensuality, and his prose, whether seconded or not by genius and knowledge, shall scrupulously aim at the promotion of public and private virtue.

As a political annalist, he will speculate freely on foreign transactions; but, in his detail of domestic events, he will confine himself, as strictly as possible, to the limits of a mere historian. There is nothing for which he has a deeper abhorrence than the intemperance of party, and his fundamental rule shall be to exclude from his pages, all personal altercation and abuse.

He will conclude by reminding the public that there is not, at present, any other monthly publication in America; and that a plan of this kind, if well conducted, cannot fail of being highly conducive to amusement and instruction. There are many, therefore, it is hoped, who, when such an herald as this knocks at their door, will open it without reluctance, and admit a visitant who calls only once a month; who talks upon every topic; whose company may be dismissed or resumed, and who may be made to prate or to hold his tongue, at pleasure; a companion he will be, possessing one companionable property, in the highest degree, that is to say, a desire to please.

Sept. 1, 1803.

For the American Register.

EXTRACTS

FROM

A STUDENT'S DIARY.

SWIFT'S POLITE CONVERSATION.

I HAVE just been reading "Polite Conversation" by Swift. It is amusing to observe how many of the embellishments of modern conversation have been employed to the same purpose these hundred years. Many of them are probably of as old a date as the reign of Egbert, and most of them, at least, as old as that of Elizabeth, when, as the comedies and comic scenes of Shakespeare prove, the colloquial dialect of the English was the same as at present.

Every body knows that Swift, in these dialogues, intended to ridicule the practice of interlarding discourse with hackneyed and established witticisms or sarcasms. Most of these are wretched in themselves, but some are liable to no other objection than the want of novelty. And yet there are some to whom the most hackneyed will be new. In truth, this must necessarily be the case with every *good-thing*. The tritest saying must, by every

man, have once been heard for the first time, and must, therefore, have once been new to him.

The whole mass of good-things and good-stories, in current use, would make up a very large volume; and the very tritest of these if told in a mixed and casual company, would probably be new to more than one person present. Hence the irresistible temptation to repeat a good thing, which, when we heard it, was new to us, and hence the awkward situation in which a facetious narrator so often finds himself placed, that of finding the most impertinent gravity, on occasions where he looked for laughter and applause.

When we examine the pretensions of reputed wits, we shall be surprised to find how much of their reputation is founded upon the same invariable stock of good things. They rarely tell a story which they have not told a thousand times before, and as these stories may sometimes be real occurrences or original inventions of their own, they will of course be new to strangers. We must pass some time with them before we perceive that one day's banquet is merely a counterpart of that of the day before.

Perhaps, however, it is very seldom that the humorist *knowingly* repeats the same story to the same company. Memory, as it grows retentive of remote transactions, is apt to lose its hold of more recent ones. Thus an old man of three score will frequently repeat to the same man, on the same day, a relation of some event that happened fifty years before.

A *story*, however, is one thing, and a *witticism* is another. It is the latter which the Dean makes the object of his ridicule in these dialogues, and which so often intrudes itself into conversation. Every one desirous of steering clear of this folly, ought to read this performance carefully, for it not only teaches us to shun so childish a practice, but tells us what we are to shun.

FIRE.

THERE is nothing about which newspaper writers are more anxious than to dignify the account of a fire. The plain and direct expressions are so simple and so brief, that they are by no means satisfied with them. They must amplify and decorate the disastrous narrative as much as possible, and for this end, they deal in circuitous and pompous phrases; in affecting epithets and metaphors. I have often been amused at their laborious efforts to be solemn and eloquent on these occasions.

For instance;...the story to be told is, that, at such time and place, a fire broke out and burnt or destroyed such and such buildings.

They disdain so straight a path as this, and will ramble very ingeniously thus:...“The citizens were disturbed by the alarm of fire;” or, (as an Albany editor once had it) the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants were broken by *vociferated fire*!... In spite of the exertions of the citizens, such and such buildings were “swallowed up by the conflagration:” or, (still more poetically) “became victims to the devouring element;”...or, “fell a prey to the remorseless fury of the flames.”

A late newspaper introduces a column of such news by this sentence...“We are sorry to announce to our readers, the devastation committed yesterday by the devouring element of fire.” In the ensuing narrative we are told, that the “rage of the conflagration was appeased,” at such an hour and that such a part of the town was “snatched from the grasp of the devouring element.”

 YELLOW FEVER.

How powerfully is the imagination affected by the frequent and almost periodic returns of this new, strange and unwelcome visitant. “Till the

year 1793, we, in this part of America, at least, the present generation, had only heard and read of pestilence. Since that period it has visited us five years out of ten, and, in our great cities, there is no domestic event more familiar to us; none which we anticipate with more probability, and by which we prepare more naturally to regulate our motions, than this.

I often imagine to myself my feelings on being informed, by some one able to give the information, at the opening, for instance, of the year 1793, that for the ensuing ten years, a destructive plague would rage among us, during five summers, by which the city would be, for two or three months, almost entirely depopulated; by which all the usual functions and employments of life would be suspended, and a large portion of sixty thousand people, which subsist by daily and uninterrupted employment, would be suddenly bereft of all activity.

My notions of the evil would doubtless have been imperfect and inadequate, as, indeed, these notions, with all the benefits of experience, still are. I should have underrated it in some respects, while in other respects, I should equally have overrated it. I should have had but feeble conceptions of the misery which individuals were about to suffer, while I should probably have computed its influence on population and general prosperity at much too high a rate. I could not have imagined before-hand the effect of familiarity, the power which custom has to enable us to accommodate ourselves to inevitable evils, and that vigour which one spring of population is sure to derive from the depression of another.

There is one thing, at least, which my ignorance of human nature would have hindered me from predicting; and that is, the effect which the introduction of this new disease has had on the habits and opinions of physicians. Who would have dreamed that this order of men would split into hostile factions, which should

wage war against each other with the utmost animosity; that they would arrange themselves in parties, the champions of opposite opinions not only as to the mode of curing the malady, but as to the source to which the malady itself is to be traced.

What volumes of acrimonious controversy have the last ten years produced on these subjects? How dogmatic the assertions, how violent the invectives, which the importation-men and the home-origimen have darted at each other. How is the pride of human reason humbled, by observing that in this enlightened age, with so vigilant a police, with such comprehensive and exact methods of investigating facts, and such diffusing vehicles of information and comparison as newspapers afford, there should still be in the community opposite opinions as to the nature and origin of a pestilence which has visited our principal cities five times in ten years? That even its contagious nature should not be unanimously settled? If I go into company, indeed, and talk with a physician on this subject, I shall be told that the means of information, on this head, have been so abundant and satisfactory, that the question has long ago been settled by all rational people. Every thing, he will go on to tell me, demonstrates the origin of the yellow fever to be foreign, and its appearance among us to be in consequence of importation. I cannot help being biassed by the positive assertions of a man of general candour, of knowledge and experience; but what am I to think when I meet another man, a physician, of equal understanding and experience with the former, whose assertions are just as positive, and directly opposite? But still greater is my perplexity when I meet a third, who tells me that this question has engaged his attention for many years, but that the more he collects, investigates and compares, the farther is he from an absolute decision, the more inscrutable the question be-

comes; and time, he is now fully of opinion, instead of clearing up the darkness, will only involve the matter in greater obscurity.

Such reasoners as the last, are, indeed, rarely to be met with. Doubt is so painful a state, and a man's pride and prejudice are so unavoidably engaged, on one side or the other, as he advances in his inquiry, and we so easily and suddenly pass from a state of neutrality, in which we only inquire after truth, into a state of conviction, when we merely search for arguments and facts in favour of one side; that nothing is rarer than a physician who hesitates on this subject. Some men may vary from year to year, and change sides as often as the fever visits us, but they are ardent and dogmatic in maintaining what happens to be their present opinion, and stigmatize all their opponents as fools and villains.

This medical controversy is much to be regretted on many accounts. It is not one of the least evils that it tends to shake the confidence of mankind in the *skill* of those, whose skill is indebted for the greater part of its success to the confidence with which the patient is inspired by it.

AUTHORSHIP.

IN Europe, Authorship is in some instances a *trade*: it is a calling by which those who pursue it, seek their daily bread as regularly as a carpenter or smith pursues the same end, by means of the adze or the anvil. But authorship, as a mere trade, seems to be held in very little estimation. There is no other *tradesman*, to whom the epithet *poor* is more usually applied. A *poor author* is a phrase so often employed, that the two words have almost coalesced into one. The latter, if used alone, signifies merely a man who writes and publishes;

ant if *poor* be prefixed, it clearly indicates a writer by trade.

This trade is the refuge of idleness and poverty. Any thing that gives a permanent revenue, however scanty the sum, or laborious the service, is deemed preferable to authorship: but when a *poor* fellow has either too little steadiness, industry, or reputation, for the post of clerk in a banker's office, or usher in a school, or curacy in Wales, he betakes himself, as his last resource, to writing paragraphs for a newspaper, translating new novels or travels from the French or German, or spinning Romances from his own brain; and these enable him to live as well as habits of improvidence and heedlessness as to all economical matters, will allow him.

While the *poor author*, that is to say, the author by trade, is regarded with indifference or contempt, the *author*, that is, the man who devotes to composition the leisure secured to him by hereditary affluence, or by a lucrative profession or office, obtains from mankind an higher, and more lasting, and more genuine reverence, than any other class of mortals. As there is nothing I should more fervently deprecate than to be enrolled in the former class, so there is nothing to which I more ardently aspire, than to be numbered among the latter. To write, because the employment is delightful, or because I have a passion for fame or for usefulness, is the summit of terrestrial joys, the pinnacle of human elevation.

There is my friend H..... Can a man be situated more happily? His aunt not only secures him and his charming Eleanor from the possibility of want, she secures them not only the pleasures and honors of extraordinary affluence, but even from the common cares of a master of a family. She is his steward, that is, she manages exclusively the fortune which is hereafter to be absolutely, as it is now virtually his: she is his housekeeper, inasmuch as she takes upon herself the management of servants, the ordering of provisions,

and the payment of all family expenses. The young and happy couple have nothing to do but to give themselves up to the delights of mutual tenderness, and to fill up the interval between these joys with bathing and walking, or with music, conversation, reading and writing. He has no other labour on his hands than to decide whether the coming hours shall be employed at the clarionet, the pencil, the book or the pen. After a good deal of fluctuation, a passion for the pen seems to have gotten the mastery, and a part of every day is regularly engrossed by an interesting and important project. Every day is witness to some progress, and though his views continually extend to futurity and immortality, yet the immediate pleasures of reasoning, invention, and acquired knowledge are his, and every day is happy in itself, while it brings supreme felicity still nearer.



PENSIONS.

I HAVE been reading Burke's speeches on Economical Reform. Notwithstanding all the eloquence displayed on that occasion, notwithstanding the pressure of public exigencies, and the hard expedients to which the government has been driven; who would believe, if there were any possibility of doubting it, that four noblemen of overgrown private fortunes, divide between them eight thousand pounds (forty thousand dollars) per annum, as salaries; one as master of the fox-hounds, another as master of the buck-hounds, a third as master of the harriers, and a fourth as ranger of some park!

The government, however, exercises a most laudable economy in other respects. The greatest moral or literary merit, attended with the greatest poverty, will not tempt the ruling powers to stretch their libe-

rality any further, or to load the public treasury with any additional incumbrances.

To give them their due, however, we must admit of two exceptions to this observation. Doctor Johnson, after struggling with disease and poverty for sixty years, was presented with a most magnificent annuity of *two hundred pounds* per annum. When travelling was prescribed by his physicians, an application was made for a small augmentation, but it was impossible to obtain it. Cowper, a glory and blessing to humanity, struggled with narrow circumstances, and with the most horrible of maladies, for upwards of sixty years, when his majesty was graciously pleased to secure to him three hundred pounds per annum. These salaries together were equal to one fourth of the wages of the master of the fox-hounds; which, after all, is only a nominal office, and which is always possessed by those who have vast patrimonies of their own.

It is astonishing that kings and nobles are not more beneficent to men of genius, even from a mere selfish passion for praise. The gratitude excited by such gifts, is always in proportion to the benefits they confer on the receiver, not to the generosity of the donor: and what eloquent eulogies will the king receive, who, with one hand, bestows *three hundred* a year on a superannuated poet, though, with the other, he confers *seven times* the sum on the master of his fox-hounds.

Suppose the aforesaid eight thousand pounds were distributed, in life annuities of *two hundred* each, to men, whose forlorn situation, joined with intellectual merit, laid indisputable claim to so mere a competence, there would be no less than *forty* persons enlisted in the service of the giver's glory. How would such munificence have sounded through the world: how rich, in the ornaments of public gratitude, would it go down to posterity! what a mighty and expensive effort

would it appear! And yet we see that, at present, this very sum, indeed, ten times this sum, is divided between half a dozen noble and worthless idlers, whose claim, and that is only nominal, consists in their superintendence of a pack of hounds, or something of equal dignity and usefulness!

This is not a censure intended particularly for England, or for kings. This abuse of the public revenue, in a greater or less degree, is incident to all nations, and to every form of government.



A JAUNT TO ROCKAWAY, IN LONG-ISLAND.

MY DEAR R.....

WHAT possible amusement can you expect from *my* recital of a jaunt to Rockaway? I cannot dignify trifles, or give to vulgar sights a novelty, by making them pass through my fancy. That fancy, you well know, has no particle of kindred to that of poet or painter, and nobody should pretend to describe, who does not look through the optics of either painter or poet. Besides, my ignorance circumscribes my curiosity. I have few objects of remembrance with which to compare the objects that I meet with. Hence, as the carriage whirls along, faces, fences, houses, barns, cultivated fields, pass rapidly across my eye, without leaving a vestige behind them. You will of course ask me, how the fields are inclosed? How they are planted? What portion is tilled; what is wood, and what is waste? Of what number, materials, dimensions, and form, are the dwellings, the granaries, the churches, the bridges, the carriages? What is the countenance, the dress, the deportment of the passengers, and so forth? through an endless catalogue of interrogatories.

Now I cannot answer a word to all these questions. *Your* attention, on the contrary, during such a journey, would be incessantly alive: you would take exact note of all these particulars, and draw from them a thousand inferences as to the nature of the soil, the state of agriculture, and the condition of the people. While your companions were beguiling the time by a map: by looking eagerly forward to the bating place, and asking the driver now and then, how many miles he had to go to dinner, or cursing the dust, the heat, the jolting, and the hard benches, or conversing with each other, all your senses, and your whole soul would be chained to passing objects. Not a stone would you meet with, but should instantly pass through your crucible; not a tree or a post, but would serve as a clue to the knowledge of the soil, climate, and the industry of the island. You would count the passengers, take an inventory of their dress, mark their looks and their steps; you would calculate the length, breadth, and height of all the buildings; and compare every thing you saw, from the church to the pig-pen, and from the parson to the plow-boy, with all that you had seen elsewhere.

Such is the traveller, my friend, that you would have made; and you have known more of Long-Island in a few hours, than many who have lived within sight of it these fifty years: I, alas! am one of those whom fifty years of observation would leave in the same ignorance in which they found me.

'Tis true, as you say, that such an unobservant wretch as I represent myself to be, may yet amuse by relating his own sensations, and his narrative, if it give no account of the scene of his journey, will, at least, comprise a picture of his own character. An accurate history of the thoughts and feelings of any man, for one hour, is more valuable to some minds, than a system of geography; and you, you tell me, are one of those who would rather

travel into the mind of a plowman, than into the interior of Africa. I confess myself of your way of thinking; but from very different motives. I must needs say I would rather consort forever with a plowman, or even with an old Bergen market woman, than expose myself to an hundredth part of the perils which beset the heels of a Ledyard or a Parke.

You see how ingeniously I put off this unpleasant task: but since you will not let me off, I must begin. Remember, it is a picture of myself, and not of the island, that you want: and such, how disreputable soever it may be to the painter, you shall have. I have some comfort in thinking, that most of the travellers to Rockaway, are but little wiser and more inquisitive than myself.

In the first place, then, we left I.....'s at one o'clock. The day was extremely fine, and promised a most pleasant ride. You may suppose that we were most agreeably occupied in the prospect of a journey which neither of the three had ever made before: but no such thing. We thought and talked of nothing but the uncertainty of getting seats in the stage, which goes at that hour from Brooklyn, and the reasonable apprehension of being miserably crowded, even if we could get seats. Such is my aversion to being wedged with ten or twelve in a stage coach, that I had previously resolved to return, in case of any such misfortune. So I told my friends, but in this I fibbed a little, for the naked truth was that I wanted a pretext for staying behind; having left society in New York, the loss of which all the pleasures of Rockaway would poorly compensate.

We passed the river, and after dining at the inn, were seated in the coach, much more at our ease than we had any reason to expect. We rode through a country altogether new to me, twelve or fourteen miles (I forgot which) to Jamaica. Shall I give you a peep into my

thoughts? I am half ashamed to admit you, but I will deal sincerely with you. Still, say I, my consolation is, that few travellers, if their minds were laid as completely open to inspection, would come off from their trial with more credit than myself.

I confess to you then that my mind was much more busily engaged in reflecting on the possible consequences of coming off without several changes of clothes in my handkerchief, and without an umbrella to shelter me from sunshine and rain, than with the fields and woods which I passed through. My umbrella I had the ill-luck to break as we crossed the river, and as to clothes, I had the folly, as usual, to forget that Rockaway was a place of fashionable resort, and that many accidents might happen to prolong our stay there four or five days, instead of a single day; and yet think not that I was totally insensible to passing objects. The sweet pure country air, which was brisk, cool and fresh enough to make supportable the noon-tide rays of a July sun, to the whole force of which my seat beside the driver exposed me, I inhaled with delight. I remember little, however, but a country, pretty much *denuded of its woods*, (as Sam. Johnson would say) a sandy soil; stubble fields, houses fifty years old, a couple of miles from each other, and most of them, especially those furthest on the road, exact counterparts of such as we see in Dutch and Flemish landscapes; four-wheeled rustic carriages, of a most disproportioned length, crazy and uncouth, without springs, entered from behind, and loaded with women and children, pigs and chickens; not a single carriage of elegance or pleasure to be met with, though overtaken by half a dozen gigs, going to the same place with ourselves.

We reached Jamaica at five o'clock, and here we staid one hour. A glass of lemonade, a plentiful ablu-
tion in cold water, and a walk

with B.... in a church-yard opposite the inn, were all the surprising events which distinguished this hour. This island is one of the oldest of European settlements in North America, and we therefore expected to find in this churchyard some memorial of ancient days, but we were disappointed. There were many grave-stones, broken or half sunken, or blackened by age, but the oldest date was within forty years. The church, though painted anew and furbished up lately, was about seventy years old, as an inscription on the front informed us. There was another of a much more antique cast within view, but we did not approach it.

I hope you will be sparing of your questions respecting Jamaica, for I can answer none of them. I asked not a single question statistical or topographical of our hostess. I did not count the houses, and therefore can form no notion of the population. It is a spacious, well-looking village, many of whose houses appear to be built as summer retreats for wealthy citizens, and that is all I can say of it.

During our second stage, I was placed much more at my ease than during the first. I was seated beside a pretty little girl, whom all the company took care to inform, that they thought her pretty. For my part, her attractions made little impression on my fancy. To be infirmly delicate in form, to have a baby-like innocence of aspect, and a voice so very soft that it can scarcely be heard, are no recommendations to me. She prattled a good deal about a squirrel and canary-bird which she had at home, and that respectful attention was paid to a pair of very sweet *lits*, which the *words* that fell from them would never have obtained. The rest of our company were men, and I have not wit enough to extract any oddity or singularity from their conversation or appearance. Two of them, you know, were my companions, and the other two cheerful and well-bred strangers.

I, for the most part, was mute, as I usually am, in a stage-coach and among strangers. Not so my two friends. B.... finds a topic of talk and good humour in every thing, and J....'s amenity is always ready to pursue the other's lead. I forget all their topics, except a very earnest discussion of the merits of different lodging-houses, at the sea-side, and many sympathetic effusions, drawn forth by the *shipwreck* of another coach. On the first head we concluded to go to the house nearest the sea, one Ben Cornwall's, our purpose being as much to gratify the eye as the touch, and there we accordingly arrived, pretty late on a chill, moist and cloudy evening.

There are few men who are always masters of their spirits, and mine, which had not been high through the day, fell suddenly some degrees lower, on stepping out of the carriage into the piazza of the house. This place appeared, at the first glance, to want at the same time the comforts and seclusion of a private house, and the order and plenty of a public one. The scene without was extremely dreary, and the vicinity of the sea, not being a quarter of a mile distant, gave us very distinctly the music of his multitudinous waves.

Our curiosity would not allow us to go to bed, till we had touched the ocean-wave. We, therefore, after a poor repast, hastened down to the beach. Between the house and the water, is a wide and level expanse of loose white sand, which is a pretty good sample of Arabia or Zaara, as I have heard them described. Tell me, you who have travelled, whether every country, in the temperate zone, of moderate extent and somewhat diversified, contains not samples of every quarter of the globe?

The air was wet to the touch and saline to the taste, but the novelty of the scene, to which a canopy of dark clouds, with a pale star gleaming now and then through the crevices, tended to increase, buoyed up my spirits to their usual pitch. To

my friend B.... this novelty was absolute. He never before saw the ocean; but to me it was new only as I now saw it, at night. Seven years ago I found my way to the margin of the sea, between Sandyhook and the mouth of the Raritan. I took a long peregrination on foot, in company with two friends, and shall never forget the impression which the boundless and troubled ocean, seen for the first time, from an open beach, in a clear day, and with a strong wind blowing landward, made upon me. It was flood-tide, and the sandy margin formed a pretty steep shelf. The billows, therefore, rose to a considerable height, and broke with great fury against it; and my soul was suspended for half an hour, with an awe, a rapture which I never felt before. Far different were my feelings on *this* occasion, for the scene was no longer new to me, and the scene itself was far less magnificent. There was scarcely any wind, the tide was ebb, and the shore declined almost imperceptibly.

As we came to this place for the purpose of bathing, and had so short a time to stay, we thought we could not begin too early, and therefore stript immediately, notwithstanding the freshness of the air, and what is of greater moment, our ignorance of the shore.

Up, pretty high upon the shore, is an house, no better than a fisherman's hut. 'Tis a mere frame of wood, boarded at the sides and top, with no window, and a door-way. The floor is sand, and there are pegs against the wall to hang clothes upon. There is a tub provided for cleansing the feet from the sand, which when wet clings to the skin like bird-lime. Towels, which are furnished at the house, we brought not with us.

Is there any thing, the advantages of which are more universally and constantly manifested, than order? Its value is seen in the most trivial matters, as in the most momentous. This room was pitch-dark, and we were wholly unac-

quainted with it: and yet by the simple process of hanging our clothes, as we take them off, on a peg, and putting them on in the same order reversed, there is no difficulty. Some of us were not so wise as to practise this order, and, of consequence, were condemned to grope about half an hour longer than others, in the dark, for stockings, sleeve-buttons, hats, and handkerchiefs.

What would physicians say to standing naked on a bleak night, with the wind at east, while the billows broke over you for ten minutes? There is an agreeable trepidation felt, while the scene is new, and the sudden effusion of cold water must, methinks, produce powerful effects of some kind or another.

As we were early comers to this house, we were honoured each with a room to himself. There were twenty or thirty persons to be accommodated, besides a numerous family, in a wooden house of two stories; so that we could not but congratulate ourselves on the privilege thus secured to us. The chamber, however, allotted to me was a little nook, about seven feet long and three wide, only large enough to admit the bedstead and him that slept in it. In such excursions as these, however, hardships and privations, are preferable to ease and luxury. There is something like consciousness of merit in encountering them voluntarily and with cheerfulness. There is a rivalry in hardihood and good humour, more pleasurable than any delights of the senses. A splenetic or fastidious traveller is a great burden to himself and to his company, and ought, through mere generosity, to keep himself at home. In saying this, I am conscious, that in some degree, I pronounce my own condemnation, but I hope I am not very culpable.

My friends rose at day-light next morning, and went to bathe. They gave me warning, but I heeded it not. My little nook had half melted

me with heat, and I felt as if unqualified for the least exertion. I was sorry to have lost the opportunity, and rose, when the sun was high in the heavens, with some degree of regret. But, more lucky than I deserved to be, I found a country waggon at the door, ready to carry down any one that chose, to the strand. I went down with another.

This was a far different bathing from that of the night before. The waggon carries us to the water's edge, and there we may undress at our leisure amidst a footing of clean straw, convenient seats and plenty of napkins. The waggon receives us directly from the water and carries us home, without trouble or delay. On this occasion the sun was just warm enough to be comfortable, and the time o'day exactly suited to the bath. Such is my notion of the matter, but I doubt whether any body else will agree with me. Sunrise and sun-set are the usual bathing-times.

After breakfast, we took a walk along the strand. My pastime consisted in picking up shells; in sifting and examining the fine white sand; in treading on the heels and toes of the wave, as it fell and rose, and in trying to find some music in its eternal murmur. Here could I give you long descants on all these topics, but my vague and crude reveries would only make my dull epistle still more dull. The sun at last broke out with the full force of midsummer, and we panted and waded through the sand, homeward, with no small regret that we had ventured so far. We Americans in general have feeble heads: those of us, I mean, who were not born to dig ditches and make hay. A white hat, broad-brimmed, and light as a straw, is an insufficient shelter against the direct beams of the sun. What must we have suffered on this occasion when the vertical rays fell on a surface of smooth white sand: We were almost liquefied before we reached the house.

The company, at this house, was numerous, and afforded, as usual, abundant topics of speculation. Some were young men, in the hey day of spirits, rattling, restless, and noisy. Some were solid and conversible, and some awkward and reserved. Three ladies, married women, belonged to the company: one of which said nothing, but was as dignified and courteous in demeanor as silence would let her be: another talked much, and a third hit the true medium pretty well. I did not fail to make a great many reflections on the passing scene, which, together with a volume of Cecilia, made the day pass not very tediously.

My friends always carry books with them, even when they go abroad for a few hours. One of them to day produced the *Maxims* of La Bruyere, the other those of Rouchefoucauld, and some minutes were consumed in decyphering and commenting on these. But the subject which engrossed most attention in the morning, was a plan for procuring a dozen of claret for the embellishment of dinner; and the return of man and chaise, without the claret for which he had been sent to a distant tavern, cast a great damp upon the spirits of most of us. We got rid of the afternoon pretty easily, by giving an hour or two to the bottle, and the rest to the *siesta*. As to our talk at dinner, there was perfect good humour, and a good deal of inclination to be witty, but I do not recollect a single *good thing* that deserves to be recorded; and my powers do not enable me to place the common place characters around me in an interesting or amusing point of view. As to myself, I am never at home, never in my element at such a place as this. A thousand nameless restraints incumber my speech and my limbs, and I cannot even listen to others with a gay, unembarrassed mind. Towards evening it began to rain, and not only imprisoned us for the present, but gave us some apprehensions of a detention here for a

week. A detention, which, for many reasons, one of which I have already mentioned, would have proved extremely disagreeable to me.

My friend, I have grown very tired of my story. I believe I will cut short the rest, and carry you back with me next morning, to New York, in a couple of sentences. The weather on the morrow, was damp and lowering, but it cleared up early. We were again agreeably disappointed in our expectations of a crowded stage, and after breakfasting at Jamaica, reached town at one o'clock. On my return, I was just as unobservant of the passing scene as before, and took as little note of the geography of the isle. Set me out on the same journey again, and I should scarcely recognize a foot of the way. I saw trees and shrubs and grasses, but I could not name them, *being as how* I am no botanist.

Perhaps, however, I mistake the purpose of such journeys, which is not to exercise the reasoning faculties, or to add to knowledge, but to unbend, to dissipate thought and care, and to strengthen the frame, and refresh the spirits, by mere motion and variety. This is the language which my friends hold; but, I confess, mere mental vacuity gives me neither health nor pleasure. To give time wings, my attention must be fixed on something: I must look about me in pursuit of some expected object; I must converse with my companion on some reasonable topic; I must find some image in my own fancy to examine, or the way is painfully tedious. This jaunt to Rockaway has left few agreeable traces behind it. All I remember with any pleasure, are the appearance of the wide ocean, and the incidents of bathing in its surges. Had I been a botanist, and lighted upon some new plant; a mineralogist, and found an agate or a petrification; a naturalist, and caught such a butterfly as I never saw before, I should have reflected on the journey with no little satisfaction. As it was, I set my foot in the city with no other sentiment, but that of re-

gret, for not having employed these two days in a very different manner.

C. E.

For the American Register.

Some Account of the King's Bench Prison; in a letter from an American in London to the Editor.

The comparative comforts of their prisons offer something in mitigation of the severity of the debtor laws of the English, as they relate to persons who are not wholly destitute of the "one thing needful:" but no apology can be invented for their absurd rigour, as they respect by far the greater number of the victims of debt. The law presumes every debtor solvent; which presumption, in innumerable cases, is absolutely false. The body of the debtor, therefore, in supposition of *ability* and *fraud* is consigned to imprisonment at the pleasure of a vindictive creditor. If the debtor be really insolvent, which is surely as probable a supposition as the opposite, he is at the mercy of an angry and perhaps injured individual, who, by a strange perversion of every judicial principle, becomes a judge, with criminal jurisdiction, and is invested with the power of dispensing a severer punishment than the law inflicts on the deepest offences. If poverty be no crime, why punish it with arbitrary imprisonment? If criminal, why is it entrusted to private hands to pardon without discretion, or punish without measure.

An insolvent law is now under parliamentary discussion, for the relief of about ten thousand miserable wretches, now imprisoned in all the different gaols of the United Kingdom, who will probably be soon let loose upon the public, corrupted by the habits, and soiled by the ignominy of a prison. This expedient is adopted once in six or seven years, not as a remedy for the defective laws, but because the

prisons overflow. On this joyful occasion, thousands will emerge from many years' imprisonment, whose original debts did not exceed twenty pounds, now augmented, by the expenses of the law, to fifty or sixty, and in some instances, to an hundred pounds.

If it be for the benefit of trade, the idol of the English nation, that such laws exist, it is much to be lamented that the supposed interests of trade, and the real interests of humanity and justice, should be so much at variance; but the well-grounded terror of innovation, which prevails in this government, will probably prevent for a long time any change in this monstrous feature of British policy.

The King's Bench prison, which the misfortune of our friend L..... has given me an opportunity of examining, is appropriated to debtors alone, and to such of these only as are prosecuted in the court of *King's Bench*. This delicacy, which excludes from this society felons, or criminals of any kind, it must be confessed, is honorable to the laws, and adheres to a distinction not well drawn in other respects between debt and felony. The police of this institution is under the direction of a marshal, deputy, clerk of the papers, and three turnkeys; all of which offices are considerably lucrative. There are many immunities and privileges peculiar to the place, and not enjoyed by provincial and county prisons. Each resident holds the key of his own apartment, and has the unlimited power of locomotion at all hours of the day and night, within an area of about six thousand square yards (an acre and a quarter) enclosed by a brick wall forty feet high, over which, from the tops of a stately edifice, you have a pleasant view of the hills of Kent and the city of London. The principal building is three hundred feet in length, fifty feet wide, and four stories high; and contains one hundred and eighty apartments, the greater part of which are in good

repair, painted, and some of them papered. Two persons are allotted to each of these rooms, which are fifteen feet by twelve, length and breadth; but one may enjoy exclusive possession by paying five shillings a week, which the poorer class of prisoners accept as a consideration for relinquishing their right, and, with it, eke out a miserable existence in a common receptacle. Within these walls are inexhaustible springs of hard and soft water, one of which has mineral qualities that are salutary. Shambles every day exhibit every variety in kind and quality of Leadenhall and Billingsgate markets; a public kitchen for cooking, besides half a dozen cook-shops; a coffee-house and two public taps, from which beer and even wine flow without measure; a bake-house, and in fine every handicraft is carried on here, in the different apartments, making the place a good epitome of London. An unrestrained ingress and egress is allowed from eight in the morning, till ten at night; and the hum of innumerable visitors of every garb and deportment, with the motley music and appearance of every class of pedlars that walks the streets of London, display a scene extremely lively and grotesque. There is every shade of character, every grade of wealth and (excepting privileged persons) of rank and title. Some of the prisoners exceed a thousand guineas a year in their expences, and are visited by their families, who, if we may judge from their equipages, abate nothing of their wonted luxury. There is another class of debtors who place their families in the neighbourhood, and rather than surrender an annuity or jointure, take up their rest, for life: an insolvent act, or act of grace, compels him not to give his property to the creditor, but leaves him the option of freedom or captivity, and many prefer the latter.

The third class are driven to the most deplorable shifts, and, like

the moths, feed upon their clothes, as long as they last. Absolute starvation, though not frequent, does yet sometimes occur in the annals of the King's Bench. The number of prisoners now amounts to five hundred, and the original debts of threefourths of the number do not, on an average, exceed forty pounds, from which we are obliged to infer that the laws give impunity to opulent knaves, while it bears with undistinguishing severity on the innocent and culpable poor.

For the American Register.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. I.

I have now in my hands an old copy of Milton, which at first belonged to my father. It is an old book, and few volumes have been oftener in my hands. I would not exchange it for an edition of the same work embellished by all the arts of the printer, the engraver, and the binder....Inanimate objects have an influence on the affections; else why do I prefer this homely volume, shattered by the hands of time and of use, to *Paradise Lost* newly printed and decorated? Milton is only inferior to the voice of inspiration....He is first among the poets who were not the prophets of the Lord. His erudition was vast, but his genius was vaster. His learning did not restrain, but regulated his flight. Amidst the glories of heaven he looked undazzled, and rays from his penetrating mind illuminated the depths of despair. Did not their antiquity increase the veneration bestowed on the names of Homer and Virgil, criticism would always place them below Milton on the scale of poetical merit. I have read, I have studied the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*....I have read and examined with critical scrutiny, in the original language or in the translation most of the poems which bear the name of epic or

heroic, and the more I read the more I am convinced, the longer I live the more I am convinced that a greater magnitude of mind is discovered in the *Paradise Lost*, than in any other uninspired poem in existence. *Paradise Lost* is the greatest effort of its author. His other works rank as follows in the scale of merit:

2 *Comus*.....3 *Paradise Regained*
....4 *Sampson Agonistes*.....5 *Lycidas*.....6 *L'Alegro and Il Penseroso*
....7 *Hymn on the Nativity*.

I consider the relish for the poetry of Milton as a criterion of the taste and mental elevation of the reader. None can fully admire him, but those who are raised in mind above the *profanum vulgus*. Miserable was the judgment of Voltaire, which could wonder at an Englishman's passionate admiration of Milton and Shakespeare. An object of contemptuous pity was that fashionable Lord* who declared his preference of the *Henriade* of Voltaire, before the works of his immortal countryman. Such a man might harrangue to the astonishment of assembled peers, he might offer his sacrifices on the altar of the graces, but he should never attempt to join the councils of correct and dignified criticism. I could fill a volume in speaking of Milton, so keen is my sensibility to his excellencies, so great is the instruction and pleasure which I have received from him. I have marked many of his passages in my almost worn-out copy, and offered upon them some remarks: To these I sometimes recur with satisfaction; they are mementos of former periods which have been passed in converse with the mighty bard, and of some hours of dejection which were lightened by his voice.

Dr. Johnson has said, that we must read Milton's *Paradise Lost* as a task. This is one among the many premature sentences pronounced by that great man. The whole of his work we could not ex-

pect to excite the same pleasure; but if the greater part produces not delight, then there is no delight in elevated poetry....I consider Dr. Johnson's criticism however, on this performance, with some exceptions, to be in the highest degree excellent. Addison's *Saturday's Papers* on the same subject, though not equally acute, are eminently pleasing. Cowper has said in one of his most agreeable letters, that Milton has employed the only machinery which was justifiable in a Christian poet. I have however admired the conception of Dryden, who, when he thought of writing an epic poem in honour of King Arthur, determined to introduce angels as the guardians of nations. It was the lot of Arthur and the guardian angels to fall into very different hands. Perhaps some have heard that Sir Richard Blackmore has written an epic poem called *Arthur*, and used the intervention of angels, though they may not have read the poem. The exordium and invocation of *Paradise Lost*, are eminently happy. They embrace completely the subject which is to be sung; they are simple and strong. How poor is the invocation of any muse to Milton's invocation of the Spirit? His strain was heavenly, and to heaven he looks for aid. As the fall of angels was the fall of man, Milton first discloses to our view the apostate spirits in their regions of sorrow, forming new schemes of rebellion and malice.

Many of the most striking passages of Milton have been noticed by the critic, and suggested to the admiration of the reader. I have however the hope of pointing out, in the course of my *Critical Notices*, some portions of Milton, and of other poets, which are deserving of the highest commendation, and on which criticism has not yet been lavish of its praises.

I am deceived if, from all the volumes of uninspired poetry, there can be produced a sublimer description than that which is contained in

* Chesterfield.

the following lines of the VIth Book of Paradise Lost:

Yet half his strength he put not forth,
but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of
heaven;
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flocks together
throng'd,
Drove them before him thunderstruck,
pursued
With terrors and with furies to the
bounds
And chrystal wall of heaven; which
opening wide
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap dis-
closed
Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous
sight
Struck them with horror backward, but
far worse
Urg'd them behind: Headlong them-
selves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven; eter-
nal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard the insufferable noise, hell
saw
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would
have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too
deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast
had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded chaos
roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning received them whole, and on
them closed.

I cannot conceive how it is possible for words or conception to exceed the preceding passage in strength. It represents a termination of a battle purely original.... Here Milton could not tread either in the footsteps of the Grecian or the Roman bard. The scene of the action was on the borders of heaven, and the place in which the routed army was plunged, was the bottomless abyss....chaos, the empire of universal confusion, was, by the rout, encumbered with ruin. The soul which conceived this un-

commonly original description, must have been agitated by the tumults of poetical rage; and the hand which wrote it, must have trembled. Though all the lines are admirable, yet I have ventured to mark in italics, those which I thought were supereminent among the eminent.

As a contrast to the passage already quoted, I shall offer the following tender and sweetly modulated lines:

"O unexpected stroke, O worse than
death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus
leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks
and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope
to spend,
Quiet tho' sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O
flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender
hand
From the first opening bud, and gave
ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or
rank
Your tribes, and water from the am-
brosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me
adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was
sweet! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wan-
der down
Into a lower world; to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in
other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal
fruits?
Whom thus the Angel interrupted
mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy
heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not
thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art
bound;
Where he abides, think there thy na-
tive soul.
Adam, by this from the cold sudden
damp

Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits
return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words
address'd.

Celestial, whether among the thrones,
or nam'd

Of them the highest; for such of shape
may seem

Prince above princes! gently hast thou
told

Thy message, which might else in tell-
ing wound,

And in performing end us; what be-
sides

Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings
bring,-

Departure from this happy place, our
sweet

Recess, and only consolation left

Familiar to our eyes! all places else

Inhospitable appear, and desolate;

Nor knowing us, nor known: And, if
by prayer

Incessant I could hope to change the
will

Of Him who all things can, I would
not cease

To weary him with my assiduous cries:

But prayer against his absolute decree

No more avails than breath against the
wind,

Blown stifling back on him that
breathes it forth;

Therefore to his great bidding I sub-
mit.

This most afflicts me, that, departing
hence,

As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd

His blessed countenance: Here I could
frequent

With worship place by place where he
vouchsaf'd

Presence divine; and to my sons re-
late,

"On this mount he appear'd; under
this tree

Stood visible; among these pines his
voice

I heard; here with him at this foun-
tain talk'd:"

So many grateful altars I would rear

Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone

Of lustre from the brook, in memory

Or monument to ages; and thereon

Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits,
and flowers:

In yonder nether world where shall I
seek

His bright appearances, or foot-step
trace?

For though I fled him angry, yet, re-
call'd

To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I
now

Gladly behold though but his utmost
skirts

Of glory; and far off his steps adore."

In this passage there is a beautiful contrast between the sorrow of Adam and that of Eve... The sorrow of Eve was more melting than that of her husband.... it dwelt more minutely on the favourite objects which she was to leave behind her. The flowers which she had nursed and cherished with her own hand.... the nuptial bower which she had decorated.... the walks and shades among which she had rambled and reposed; and from which she must now be separated forever, filled her with the most piercing regret. The sorrow of Adam dwelt more especially on his banishment from the divine presence, and on the places in which he appeared or stood visible, and where he heard the sound of his compassionate voice. He resolves that should he be permitted still to dwell in Paradise, he would rear up many mementos of his former days of happiness, that so he might be able to tell to his children, that here his God appeared before him, and from that thicket he heard the sound of his voice. The comfort which the angel endeavours to give to each of our parents, is of the most conciliating and soothing kind. These speeches of Adam and Eve have been noticed before, but I think not sufficiently. No lines could be more pathetic. When we consider that they were spoken by our parents and representatives, can any passage in poetry be produced which can equal them in dignified pathos, and in the effect which they communicate? While reading them, every son and daughter of Adam may unite in language somewhat similar. Fields of Paradise, the dwelling of my parents, farewell.... Abodes of innocence and of happiness, "fit haunt for Gods," from you we must be ever secluded... Our foot-steps shall not be imprinted upon

your soil....We shall gather no flowers from the garden of Eden, to the whisper and music of your woods; to the murmur of your streams we shall never listen....reclining from the banks, our lips shall never kiss the coolness of your watersIn your bowers of bliss we shall not be permitted to repose.... Our parent fathers shall never tell us, "On this mount God appeared, under this tree stood visible, among these pines his voice I heard, here with him at this fountain talked."

The description in *Paradise Lost*, Book XI. of the abatement of the waters after the deluge, is remarkably striking, and deserves to be repeatedly noticed:

"He look'd, and saw the ark hull
on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds
were fled,
Driven by a keen north-wind, that,
blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide watery
glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave
largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their
flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb,
that stole
With soft foot towards the Deep;
who now had stopt
His sluices, as the Heaven his win-
dows shut.

The bold and curious personifications in this passage are most worthy of remark. The face of the deluge is wrinkled by the keen north wind, like that of an old man by age. The sun gazes hot, in his wonderful mirror of the expanded waters, and draws from them such draughts to quench the fierceness of his thirst, that they hush the tumults of their billows, shrink away before him, and "with soft foot," or with gentle murmurs steal again to the bosom of the deep. None but the most mighty imagination could have given birth to such a picture, and none but a giant in intellect could have begotten such gigantic personifications.

VOL. I....NO. I,

Some critics, in order to afford to the world the testimony of their discernment, have asserted that such books were the best in such a work. One critic has discovered, and after him many have said, that the first six books were the best of the *Paradise Lost*. Upon what they have grounded this opinion, I cannot discover. They have much more discernment than I pretend to possess. In the different books, there is a variation of matter; but the same strength and ardour of imagination....the same burning, intrepid and victorious genius is preserved without diminution throughout all of them. I am often tempted to laugh at the many absurd criticisms which have been written on epic poetry. It forsooth must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. This we all must acknowledge to be indispensable; for we cannot conceive how any man in his senses could give a finished narration without these. Every composition on earth, not represented as a fragment, written by a rational man, has a beginning, middle, and an end. Then again in the epopee there must be machinery, because Aristotle said so, and Homer has employed it in his *Iliad*.... but with all due deference to critical acumen; if all the machinery of Homer could be withdrawn, and a substitution be made of an equal number of Homer's lines with those taken away, so as to fill up every gap and incoherence of transition, I should vote for the destruction of Homer's machinery. Milton's machinery is stupendously great, and as far superior to that of all other poets as can be conceived. The *Jerusalem Delivered* stands next in dignity, in this respect, to *Paradise Lost*. The machinery of Gothic superstition is vastly more pleasing to me when embodied by poetry, than Homer's Gods. In the bosom of every son and daughter of poetry, there is a chord which vibrates to the sound of Gothic story. But Homer's mythology communicates no pleasing dread, it thrills with

the pressure of no icy fingers, and holds out not one supernatural being that we can love. In the days of my boyhood, when the marvellous in fiction lifted me above the world, I read with indifference all the stories of Homer's Gods, and was always sorry when I was introduced in their company. Like Achilles, I searched for Hector amidst the embattled ranks, not with his terrible look of revenge, but with the eye of interest and affection; and I could not forgive the venerable Grecian for making my favourite hero fly from his approaching enemy.

If we exclude from the comparison the dramatic writers, who among the English poets, who have written in blank verse, shall we rank next to Milton? Without hesitation I would assign that place to Young. In some respects, he falls not beneath Milton. In condensing thought within a small compass, he surpasses all ancient and modern authors. When he wrote his greatest work, he courted the stillness of the night, he associated with shadows drear....his eyes caught through his lattice the rays of the moon and the stars, and his ears listened to the music of the spheres. After Young, come Thomson and Cowper....Thomson is praised by every body, whether they relish him or not; and they never praise him unjustly. "*Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon,*" was not only the language of a madman, but of a poet; and indeed, the highest exhilaration, the most elevated inventive agitation of every poet of the first order, is on the borders of phrenzy. The soul of Pope was never tossed by these tumultuous sensations....he is an accurate, a reasoning poet...he is melodious in the highest degree....he must always please....he should always be admired; but he is vastly surpassed by Milton, Dryden, Young, Thomson, Cowper, and Gray, in poetical enthusiasm. Cowper has not the music or romance of Thomson; his eye, however, rolled in a fine

phrenzy; he is the most familiar and domestic poet of the English language; he is full of thought and exquisite morality. If he has less music and romance than Thomson, he has more solidity and gravity; he is a better instructor. I have been lately reading, with delight, his Letters and posthumous poems, preserved in Hayley's life of him, and would enrich my Notices with some extracts from them; but I wish not to put in my sickle, before the harvest is ripe; for an edition of Hayley's Life of Cowper is now in an American press; and if this work be prosecuted, will form the subject of a minute and interesting Review.

Were I called upon in a company of poetical votaries and talkers, to give utterance to one of the most striking passages of Young's Night Thoughts, I should repeat the following on time, from Night the second....

All-sensual man, because untouch'd,
unseen,
He looks on time as nothing: nothing
else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's. Time's
a god...
Thou hast not heard of Time's omnipotence;
For, or against, what wonders can he
do!
And will: to stand blank neuter he
disdains.
Not on those terms, was time, heav'n's
stranger, sent
On this important embassy, to man,
Lorenzo! no: on the long destin'd
hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe;
That memorable hour, of wond'rous
birth,
When the dread Sire, on emanation
bent,
And big with nature, rising in his
might,
Call'd forth creation, (for then time
was born)
By godhead streaming through a thou-
sand worlds,
Not on those terms, from the great
days of heav'n,
From old eternity's mysterious orb,
Was time cut off, and cast beneath the
skies,

*The skies, which watch'd him in his new
abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving
spheres,
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months and years his
children play,
Like numerous wings, around him, as he
flies:
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they
shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted
flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient
rest,
And join anew eternity, his sire;
In his immutability to rest,
When worlds, that count his circles, now
unbing'd,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) head-
long rush
To timeless night and chaos, whence
they rose.*

If these lines are not admired, it will not be for want of grandeur in them, but for want of elevation somewhere else. The conception that time is a portion cut off from eternity, and thrust down beneath the skies, and watched by the heavenly bodies, and measured by their revolutions....that days, months, and years, are his children, or rather so many wings, which hover around him, and direct him in his course to the bosom of eternity again, is inexpressibly great. The closing lines might serve as a motto for a philosophical discussion.... Time, separated from the existence of animated beings, is nothing: it is measured by our consciousness; if we bestow individual existence on what we mean by time, it is evident that it cannot cease to exist: though worlds should be destroyed, yet such an airy nothing as we mean by time, separated from animated nature, must still be just as it was: how very fine, then, is the idea of Young, that time is cut off from eternity....that it is hastening into eternity again, with its years and its centuries....and that when worlds are destroyed, and in the places which they now occupy, nothing will be left, to measure the lapse of

time. Time will be swallowed up in eternity, which is occupied by the existence of God, of angels, and of men.

Here I shall, for the present, suspend my Critical notices, by assuring those who have derived any satisfaction from following the traces of an hasty and busily occupied writer, that should the projected work of my friend the Editor, be sufficiently encouraged by a liberal and discerning public, they shall (Deo volente) repeatedly meet the productions of the same pen.

I. O. 91

For the Literary Magazine.

THE TRAVELLER....NO. I.

I am a man left solitary in the world. I have neither parents, nor wife, nor children, to rejoice in my prosperity, or to mingle their sorrows with mine: my friends and associates are few. I am not more than thirty years of age, but my pallid cheek, my museful countenance, and some hairs which have been silvered by an aching head, would declare that I was nearer to forty. In the course of my journey thus far on the stage of human existence, I have not been an inattentive observer of the characters of men, and of passing events.... Though I could tell much, yet I am called a silent man: and I must confess, that what I have seen in life, has more disposed me to become a speculative, thoughtful and melancholy man, than a vivacious and busy narrator of facts. I am oftentimes more fond of employing my pen, than my tongue, and have occasionally, through its instrumentality, preserved on paper some sentimental speculation, and the traces of some museful journey. In this propensity I still persevere, and shall probably to the public address several numbers of my speculations and rambles, which shall succeed the one which now solicits their attention.

The attachments, which we form in early life, are generally the strongest and the most sincere. The feelings have not then lost their generous warmth, nor is the ardour of sensibility damped by commerce with the world. Covetousness has not then been born, and made the soul the grave of every noble passion; malice has not then aroused from its slumbers, nor does envy sicken at the praise of a brother....The heart then pants with a noble emulation, and the blush of shame burns on the cheek. Strangers to the-world, the prospect that spreads before the eyes of youth, appears pleasing and enchanting. No hills of difficulty arise before them; no snares open beneath their feet; the world to them is virtuous and honest, for they have not yet experienced its guile. It has been often the remark of experience, that when we are most ignorant of human nature, we are freest from care; that those years which are spent within the walls of a college, and which are devoted to the acquirement of knowledge, form the happiest period of our lives. Though I cannot wholly subscribe to this remark, yet I can safely say, that, while at college, I passed my most unincumbered days. Often from the most exalted stations in society, has the man of the world looked back, with regret, on the scenes of his youth, on those happy days, when, immersed in academic shades, he had not yet mingled with the noise and uproar of men; when he had not yet discovered their machinations and their wiles; when his ambition was confined to the little sphere in which he moved; when he trod, unwearied, the paths of science, and when the strains of the Grecian and Roman bards kindled his soul to rapture.

When wasting pains, and manhood's
brooding woes
Broke not the slumbers of his gay re-
pose;
When o'er the fields, light as the sum-

He flew, and left each anxious thought
behind.

All these remembrances, as the shades of departed pleasures, arise before his view, and he mourns over their grave, with a tear; "all these remembrances sweep over his mind with an enchanting power of melancholy tenderness, and lull to sleep the cares and business of the moment."

Frequent sensations of this kind are congenial to the mind which has not lost its sensibility and its taste. Who can hear with indifference, in more advanced age, the strain to which he has often listened in his infancy, and which then transported him with its liveliness, or soothed him with its sadness? Who can behold, without emotion, the shades, beneath which he has often reclined, or revisit the stream to whose murmurs he formerly listened, and along whose banks he directed his earliest rambles? Who can behold, without being carried back to scenes which have forever gone, the building in which he was born?

I have been excited to these reflections, by a visit to the place of my nativity....I am now gazing on the house in which I first opened my eyes on the light of heaven, and exploring the hills, the plains and waters, which I traced while a vagrant boy. Sensations, which are undecipherable, rush on my mind at this review, and I cannot restrain my desire to pourtray my boyhood, and to talk of events, which this spot of my birth recalls. Come then, let me make this log my chair, this old stump my table, and with my pencil let me fill these blank leaves of my pocket-book with the images of the past.

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Where have ye flown, ye visions
gay,
Which flutter'd round my head?
Has time's rude hand brush'd you
away?
Is youthful fervor dead?

Peace to thy banks, thou gentle
stream,

Where first I saw the light,
Yet do thy murmurs fill my dream,
And soothe the sleep of night.

The house which stands upon the hill,
The waving wood behind,
The distant church, the busy mill,
Are pictur'd in my mind.

O let me wander o'er again
These scenes of artless joy,
And mark the shades, the hills and
plain,
I rambled while a boy.

Fond memory, bear me to that cliff,
That overhangs the shore,
And let me watch the passing skiff,
And hear the dashing oar....

On that rude seat, with moss o'er-
grown,
I often lay, reclin'd,
Indulg'd my pensive whims alone,
And listen'd to the wind.

One night I sat upon that rock,
No human foot was near,
The close of day had toll'd the clock,
But still I knew not fear:

Pale rose the moon, and o'er the flood
Her trembling lustre cast,
And loud and sullen, from the wood,
Came on my ear the blast.

The moon withdrew her silver beam,
The night grew damp and dark,
Lash'd by the north-wind, howl'd the
stream,
And rose the watch-dog's bark.

Ah! then I started from my seat,
Swift to the house I fled,
With fears my childish bosom beat,
For ghosts were then my dread.

Such fears leave sunshine in the
breast,
When all the danger's gone:
Sweet are the dreams of childhood's
rest,
When some gay trophy's won.

That school-house on the shaded lawn,
Beside the babbling brook,

Beheld me at the peep of dawn,
Loud clamouring o'er my book.

Ah! me, how many a restless day
Has held me captive there!
How did I hail the hours of play,
Which slew each little care.

The teacher was an aged wight,
With spectacles on nose;
To me how dreadful was the sight,
When'er his anger rose.

My book, bethumb'd dog-ear'd and
torn,
Each day he heard me read;
And how approvingly, each morn,
He strok'd my flaxen head.

Good man! he's gone, he's sunk to
rest;
His little reign is o'er,
And squabbling imps shall not molest
His peace and quiet more.

THE MAN WITH THE HUGE NOSE.

In Imitation of the Manner of Sterne.

My uncle Toby, one cold Decem-
ber evening, sat smoking his pipe
by the fire, involved in deep reve-
rie, when Corporal Trim entered.
Please your honour, said the Cor-
poral, slowly approaching. My uncle
Toby made no reply. There is a
biting air abroad, your honour.
My uncle Toby spoke not. Shall
I help your honour to a cup of sack,
continued the Corporal, raising his
voice. Still my uncle Toby was si-
lent. I have seen the man with the
huge nose, said Trim. My uncle
Toby dropped his pipe. I have
seen the man with the large nose,
continued the Corporal; the man
whom your honour heard so much
of in Strasburgh, with the satin-
crimson breeches. The same who
was seen by the centinel and the
bandy-legged trumpeter, Trim?....
The same, your honour. My uncle
Toby arose. I dreamt that I saw
that man last night, Trim, conti-
nued my uncle Toby, just as he en-

tered the gates of Strasburgh, holding a scimitar before his nose. Heaven defend his nose, exclaimed the Corporal. Let no man do it any harm, echoed my uncle Toby. Heaven defend it from the finger of the bandy-legged trumpeter, continued the Corporal. And from those of the hostess of the inn, continued my uncle Toby. May his crimson-satin breeches escape all danger, exclaimed the Corporal. May they escape all pollution, echoed my uncle Toby. May the hands of the trumpeter's wife never lay hold upon them, continued Trim. Nor of the hostess of the inn, continued my uncle Toby. He has a noble nose, please your honour, said Trim.... the bandy-legged trumpeter swore it was as long as his trumpet, and that it made a noise as loud....the bandy-legged trumpeter's wife swore it was a *sweet nose*, and as soft as a flute....O! it is a noble nose, your honour. Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, I should like to see that nose. You shall see it, please his majesty, exclaimed the Corporal....I will fetch it to your honour. Forget not, Trim, replied my uncle, to bring the man along with his nose. Trim disappeared, and my uncle Toby walked the room, agitated and silent. The clock had struck eight, when Trim returned with a nose in his hand, followed by an elegant young stranger. Here, your honour, said Trim, is the man, and here is the nose. My uncle Toby was silent, gazing on the stranger. Before him stood the figure of a man of twenty-five, tall, and of a martial air. He was arrayed in a military habit, and wore a small scimitar on his thigh. His countenance was manly and noble, but overcast with a shade of melancholy sadness. As he cast on my uncle Toby a look from his dark-brown eyes, a big tear rolled from his cheek. Gallant stranger, I have seen you before, said my uncle Toby. You have, said the stranger, while he fell on one knee, and raised his hands toward heaven. I have seen you before, and I know you

now, said my uncle, while he fell on his neck, and wept. Ask him, please your honour, quoth Trim, the Corporal, why he wore this huge nose....and what has become of his crimson-satin breeches....if they have escaped the fingers of the bandy-legged trumpeter's wife, and those of the hostess of the inn.... Hold thy peace, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, while he wiped his eyes, we will hear that by and by.... Trim? Your honour, answered Trim. Trim, continued my uncle Toby, in a mournful voice....Here I am, answered the Corporal.... Trim, continued my uncle still more mournful. God bless your honour, exclaimed Trim, letting fall the waxen nose. Mend that fire, Trim, and bring me another pipe, ended my uncle Toby.

* * * * *

I.

For the Literary Magazine.

ASCENDANCY OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

THE ascendancy of the French language, in the nations who are neighbours of France, is a circumstance somewhat remarkable. In the English language, for instance, we find the technical vocabulary of several arts to be chiefly or wholly French. In many cases not only words are pure French, but the order in which they stand in the phrase, is agreeable to the French fashion, and very many of these words and phrases are not of remote and Norman origin, but recently imported. As, The Art Military, Prerogative Royal, Ambassador Plenipotentiary, Envoy Extraordinary, Commissary General, and so forth.

It just now occurred to me to inquire what arts had adopted their language from the French. In the first place, the art of war, and its kindred art of fortification, are entirely French. Their terms are all borrowed from that language.

The diplomatic dialect is French, and many French terms and phrases

are preserved when the correspondence of governments is carried on in English, or translated into it. It is remarkable, that the only occasion on which the adjective of Britain is *Britannic*, is in diplomatic papers, in imitation of the French adjective. This is so well established, that to say his British or his English majesty, would be a solecism; whereas to substitute *Britannic* for British on any other occasion, would be equally singular and uncouth. The *Britannic fleet* or army, would sound as strangely as his *British majesty*.

The terms in cookery, in confectionary, in perfumery, in hair-dressing are mostly imported, together with the arts themselves, from France.

Among the fine arts, music derives its language from Italy. The terms of sculpture and painting are many of them Italian, and many of them are also French. To France are we indebted for most of our architectural terms.

The terms of science are chiefly derived from the Greek and Latin. The French, however, have the honour of inventing an entire new language for chemistry. The French revolution, as it has given birth to a great many new doctrines, has likewise brought into existence a great number of new words; and the English, with an unaccountable servility, have always made haste to adopt them. It is common to hear writers and speakers declaiming against France, and against innovation in general, in a language that may be termed revolutionary French, and which would be quite unintelligible to the contemporaries of Steele and Addison. The English are hostile to innovation in every thing but language.

In the arrangements now taking place in England to resist impending invasion, there is a law for raising what is called, in direct imitation of the French, *an army of reserve*. This phrase (like one of long standing, though also borrowed from the French, *corps de re-*

serve, or *body of reserve*;) is a direct hostility on the genius of old English, but it is used merely because the French have given the same name to the same thing.

N.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE EPITHET ROYAL.

THE affectation of honouring places, associations, and professions with the epithet Royal, which at present prevails in England, and formerly in France, has been carried to great, and sometimes ridiculous extremes. In England, the first society of sages called itself the Royal Society. It would puzzle any one to discover, from their title, the pursuits of the association. In this case, the appellation is merely fulsome and unmeaning flattery, since it is well known, that this fraternity owed nothing, at its first formation, to the King. Within a short period a great number of societies have sprung up, which, from the spirit of absurd imitation, or with a view to curry favour with majesty, have been careful to add royal to their name. Thus we have the Royal African Association, the Royal Academy, the Royal Institution of Great Britain, the Royal Insurance Company, the Royal Bank (of Edinburgh,) the Royal Jennerian Society, the Royal Academy of Dublin, the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Among the Royals of elder date, we have the Royal Exchange, the Royal College of Physicians, and Theatres-Royal of Drury-lane and Covent-Carden. In recent times, the establishment of new theatres has put their proprietors to sad shifts for names sufficiently dignified; one of them is obliged to reverse the name already in use, and to call itself *The Royal Theatre*.

The thrifty class of mankind, who have their subsistence to procure by studying the popular humour, have made extensive use of this epithet. Travellers describe

the whimsical effect produced in this respect, among the French artizans, by the change of government. On the downfall of the monarchy, "Royal" was every where superseded by "nationale," and very odd combinations ensued.

We in America, having no kings nor princes among us, are obliged to content ourselves with describing our vocations by their proper names. I do not recollect to have met with but one instance in which an artist has endeavoured to acquire repute by the use of some great name. Many of my readers, perhaps, recollect an advertisement of a New-York operator on the teeth, who advertised himself as "Dentist to the late General Washington;" and to support his pretensions, published a letter from the General, which ran in these terms....Sir, whenever I have occasion for your services in the way of your profession, I shall have no objection to employ you.

G. W.

I recollect a barber, for whose razor I used to have daily occasion, who displayed one morning an unusual share of self-importance, which he presently accounted for, by telling me that he had just had the honour of shaving his excellency the Governor.

W.

For the American Register.

ON THE ELOQUENCE OF PITT,
FOX AND ERSKINE.

[The kindness of a friend has permitted us to print the following letter, written by a young American now in Europe. The author has already afforded proofs of talents, which will probably one day raise him to the first stations in his country, and this letter is no mean evidence both of a delicate taste, and an amiable disposition. E.]

London, 13th July, 1803.

Dear Sir,

MR. W.....is to sail for Philadelphia to-morrow, and I cannot

permit such an opportunity to occur, without letting you know, that, wherever I am, I cherish the remembrance of you with that of my country. The distance which interrupts our correspondence, and the engagements which often perplex me, serve only to endear to me the recollection of my absent friends, to whom my heart has long desired to be reunited. In the midst of this crowded metropolis, I am yet literally a stranger: I find no spot in which I can plant one new affection, and I long to cultivate those which I left at home. You will, I know, reprove me for this disposition; which, you will suppose, disqualifies me for improving my new situation in a country which affords so many curiosities to an inquiring mind; which you deem the seat of the arts and sciences. I won't argue with you: I submit to your reproof with a consciousness that it is not entirely unmerited. But I am conscious, also, of having made many laudable efforts to soften the severity of English courtesy, and, when repulsed in the private walks of life, I have turned my footsteps to the public scenes, best calculated to afford innocent amusement and useful information. I attended the theatres, till they disgusted me, as well by their performances, as their audience. Though repeatedly baffled in my attempts to gain admission into the courts, I have sometimes succeeded in hearing Erskine, Garrow, and Gibbs: and at the *imminent hazard of my

* The writer here alludes to the difficulty of gaining access to the House of Commons, on occasion of Pitt's speech on the renewal of war. The contemporary journalists mention this speech as having been lost to the world by the exclusion of the note-takers. The writer, more adventurous and more fortunate, got a seat in the lobby of the house, by being thrown headlong, though without injury, with a score or two of others, from the gallery, by the pressure of an immense crowd.

life, I, at last, witnessed the full blaze of Mr. Pitt's eloquence. This last is the great era of my enjoyments here, pre-eminently surpassing all the rest, and so far, indeed, as almost to make me recollect it alone. You will believe all I say, when I assure you, that Mr. Pitt realized the highest expectations I had formed. He is the greatest orator that I ever heard. His eloquence is a clear and constant stream; you admire its majestic windings, you are dazzled by the lights reflected from its smooth and unbroken surface. I feel its presence, when I behold the current rolling in the field of my imagination, and I strive in vain to discover some other object which can convey to you a more correct idea of this great orator. His very defects are so peculiarly fitted to each other, that they do not impair the great character of his eloquence, while his forcible reasoning, his ardent and uninterrupted delivery occupy the mind, and carry it along with him, it does not perceive that his person is slender, his carriage and gesture awkward, or that his periods, so happily are they balanced, and so well adjusted to the tone and cadence of his voice, are longer than the rules of criticism allow to discourses which are to be spoken. Without the formality and stiffness of formal divisions of his subject, he displays the most methodical arrangement, so natural that, while you listen to him, you do not perceive it, and, after speaking two hours, you think that he has spoken only a few minutes. His style is rather argumentative than figurative. But although it presents you no bold apostrophes, no splendid comparisons, it abounds with tropes and metaphors, which come to his assistance unasked, which he utters without appearing to be conscious of using them, and which you perceive only in the general light they shed over his discourse. They resemble the innumerable stars which compose the galaxy, and which a telescope

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only can separate into distinct luminaries.

He is completely the sun of eloquence in the House of Commons, for he eclipses the light of every other orator. Mr. Fox is the morning-star only, till his great opponent rises. Mr. Fox's eloquence is wholly of a different character. In invention, quickness of apprehension, variety of illustration, humour, and one species of pathetic eloquence.... perhaps in *all* the constituents of eloquence, derived from the mind, independent of *delivery*, he is at least equal, if not superior to Mr. Pitt. In that which addresses itself to the tender emotions of the heart, Fox is, I believe, unrivalled. In his late speech, he displayed, in a very uncommon degree, a talent for exciting the ridiculous. He succeeded so well, as to make the patriotic ardour, kindled by Mr. Pitt, and those who took the same side of the question, explode in repeated bursts of laughter. In the character of Muley Molock, Mr. Pitt laughed heartily at himself, and the declaimers against the injustice of France were astonished, when they came to defend their own country from the same charge, to perceive that their arguments must resemble the reply of "the lady in the farce," that "she had always been chaste on this side of the Cape of Good Hope." But Mr. Fox's delivery is exceedingly disagreeable. His voice is squeaking, his utterance embarrassed and interrupted. He frequently recalls his words, and alters the arrangement of his sentences, after having gone half through them. Nevertheless, there is no orator, after Mr. Pitt, who deserves to be compared with Mr. Fox; and, on the whole, I believe there is less eloquence in England than in America. I have not mentioned Mr. Sheridan, because I have not had the pleasure of hearing him, except for a few minutes. Gray, Erskine, Canning and Wilberforce, have no pretensions to eloquence, nor is there one great

speaker in the present administration. You are surprised, perhaps, at my denying eloquence to Mr. Erskine: I heard him speak for one hour in the House of Commons, and I found it impossible, I would have defied any body else to tell on what side of the great question, peace or war, he intended to vote, unless, indeed, it be always proper to judge from the place where a member seats himself, of what party he is. Mr. Pitt's great speech followed Mr. Erskine's, and contained, as

nearly as I can recollect, the following words: "In reply to the honourable member who has just spoken, I shall not consider what he has uttered as either a very systematic or a very clear view of the subject which he proposed to investigate, nor can I suppose that he himself considers his remarks in that light." I have also heard Mr. Erskine at the bar, and been almost as much disappointed as in the house. In both places he is, in my opinion at least, far surpassed by Mr. D—.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICISM.

A View of South Carolina, as respects her natural and civil concerns... by John Drayton. Charleston, W. P. Young, 1802, 8vo. boards. pp. 255.

WE have great pleasure in meeting with a work of this kind. At present, the geographical and statistical condition of the United States is very little known; and it can only be known by the compilation of works like the present. The District of Maine, the States of Vermont and New-Hampshire are the only portions of our country, which have been made the subjects of particular histories or descriptions, before the present undertaking; and we now add the name of Drayton to those of Williams and Belknap, as the literary benefactors of their country.

We are first presented with a general account of the discovery and settlement of this state. Then follows a description of the face of the country, its mineral and vegetable productions, and its climate. The delineation of the face of the country is accurate and scientific. The climate is illustrated by thermometrical tables, by tables of diseases compiled by a medical society at Charleston, and by other valuable documents and observations.

The following account of a whirlwind deserves to be extracted:

"About ten o'clock in the morning, on the 4th of May, 1764, a dreadful whirlwind was said to be observed in the Indian country, above three hundred miles to the westward of Charleston; which,

between one and two in the afternoon of the same day, was seen approaching us very fast in a direct line, and not three miles from the town. But when it had advanced to the distance of about half a mile from us, it was providentially opposed by another whirlwind, which came from the north-east; and crossing the point of land on which Charleston stands, the shock of their junction was so great as to alter the direction of the former somewhat more towards the south, whereby great part of this place was preserved from inevitable destruction. It then passed down Ashley river with such rapidity and violence, that in a few minutes it reached Rebellion Road, where a large fleet of loaded vessels with one of his majesty's ships, their convoy, lay, about four or five miles below the town, ready to sail for England; three of which were upset and sunk so suddenly, that some people who happened to be in one of their cabins had not time to come on deck; and many of the other ships, which, luckily, did not lie so immediately exposed to the greatest fury of the tempest, would have shared the same fate, had not their masts given way; for all those it passed over, were laid down on their sides: and the mizen-mast of the king's ship was carried off close to the quarter-deck, as smoothly as if it had been cut with a saw.

"As people sat at dinner that day, they were alarmed with an unusual sort of stunning noise, as of the ruffling of many drums, intermixed with such a roaring, thundering, churning or dashing sound, as the sea makes, in breaking on a hollow rocky shore, during a violent storm; when, on running out of doors, the tremendous cloud was seen advancing at a great rate, with a quick circular motion, its contents seeming in a violent agitation, from the great tumult that appeared, not only in the body of the column itself, but, likewise from the contiguous clouds which drove rapidly towards it from all directions, as if the whole contents of the atmosphere flowed thither, and were instantly absorbed by it. Hence it was, that this meteor every moment appeared so differently; some parts of it being black and dark at times; others of a flame colour; and again, as if vast waves of the sea had risen into the air. But such was the perturbation in the cloud, that these phenomena varied continually; all parts of it rolling over each other in the most confused and rapid manner: and every now and then, large branches or trees might be seen hurled about in it. Its diameter was thought to be about three hundred yards, and the height thirty degrees; a thick vapour emitted from it rising much higher. In passing along, it carried the waters of the river before it, in the form of a mountainous wave; so that the bottom was seen in many places. Such floods of water fell on those parts over which it passed, as if a whole sea had been discharged on them at once; and for a mile or two on each side of it, abundance of rain fell. As the wind ceased presently after the whirlwind passed, the branches and leaves of various sorts of trees, which had been carried into the air, continued to fall for half an hour; and in their descent, appeared like flocks of birds of different sizes. A gentleman, over whose plantation the skirt of this storm passed, not more than two miles from Charleston,

assured me, that had a thousand negroes been employed for a whole day in cutting down his trees, they could not have made such a waste of them, as this whirlwind did in less than half a minute. Such trees as were young and pliant, stooped to its violence, and afterwards recovered themselves. But all those, which were more inflexible, and firmly rooted, were broken off, and hurled away: so that no part of many of them could afterwards be found; amongst which were some live oaks of near two feet diameter, the wood of which is known to be almost as ponderous and hard as *lignum vita*; so that some of these trees, must have weighed, perhaps more than two tons. Yet heavy as they were, no remains of them could afterwards be found any where, except the roots, which were fixed in the earth. These whirlwinds more often proceed through the upper country, sometimes in a width of half a mile, tearing up the largest oaks and other trees in their way; or twisting and shivering them to pieces."

The following statement of the nature and extent of estates is valuable:

"The incomes of the planters, and farmers, are various; ranging from eighty to forty thousand dollars. Very few, however, receive incomes of the above magnitude. Many receive from twelve to twenty thousand dollars per annum; and the greatest part of the planters are only in the annual receipt of from three to six thousand dollars. The estates of these latter may be worth from 20 to 40,000 dollars. The farmers are on a smaller scale; and their incomes may be said to range between two thousand, and forty dollars. The best lands in this state, which are tide swamps, if cultivated, have sold for one hundred and seventy dollars an acre. In general, however, they sell from seventy to ninety dollars an acre; on a credit of one or two years. Uncultivated tide land sells proportionably lower. Inland swamps, if cultivated, sell at prices betwixt

twenty and fifty dollars each acre. Good cotton land has sold in Beaufort district, as high as sixty dollars per acre. In general, however, its value, in different parts of the state, is from six to forty dollars; the same depending much on its situation; as that nearest the sea is considered the most valuable, and produces the finest cotton. Other high lands sell from one to six dollars an acre; according to their respective situations, and conveniences to navigation. Hence, men possessing any capital whatever, may settle themselves independently; upon lands which descend to their posterity; together with every improvement made thereon, by their industrious labour.

"The buildings are also as various, as the values of estates; ranging in value between thirty thousand and twenty dollars. They are commonly built of wood; some, however, are constructed of brick; principally those in cities and towns. And of late years, buildings have been carried on with spirit throughout the state; and houses of brick and wood erected, suitable to the improvement of manners, and comforts of society. The houses are, for the most part, built of one or two stories, according to the taste and abilities of the owner. One particularity, however, may be remarked respecting them, which is, that piazzas are generally attached to their southern front, as well for the convenience of walking therein, during the day, as for preventing the sun's too great influence on the interior part of the house; and the out-offices are rarely connected with the principal dwelling, being placed at a distance from it, of thirty or forty yards. The houses of the poorest sort of people, are made of logs, let into each other at the ends, their interstices being filled up with moss, straw, and clay; and are covered with clap-boards. Their plans are simple, as they consist only of one or two rooms: and the manners of their tenants are equally plain.

But, it is here, that health and independence dwell. And a crop of an hogshead of tobacco, or a bag or two of cotton, forms an income which pays the taxes and expenses of the farm, and makes a family happy and contented."

The most valuable part of this performance, is the detail it contains of the agriculture and rural economy of this state. We have here a more clear and satisfactory account of the culture of those important articles, rice and cotton, than is elsewhere to be found. A distinct view is given in an happily conceived table, of the comparative modes of cultivating rice in South Carolina, Spain, Egypt, Sumatra, and China.

As cotton is growing very rapidly into esteem, and its cultivation begins to be attended to in the middle districts of the United States, we shall extract our author's account of the Carolinian culture:

"Cotton is noticed as an article of export in South Carolina, as early as the year 1754; and from that time to this, it has been grown in the state; but, without any particular attention, until of late years. During the American war with Great Britain, it was raised through necessity; and with a mixture of wool, or sometimes by itself, was woven into negro cloths: but, it ceased with the cause which excited its culture; and again sunk to its former level. As an article of export from the United States of America, it originated in Georgia, since the peace of 1783; and yielding extraordinary profits to the planter, soon recommended itself to those of this state. And hence that beginning, which has now surpassed in value the greatest crops of rice or indigo, which have ever been made in South Carolina.

"The cotton which is grown in this state, may be ranged in three classes: viz. *nankeen*, *green seed*, and *black seed*, cotton.

"Nankeen cotton is principally grown in the middle and upper country, for family use. It is so

called from the wool, resembling the colour of nankeen or *Namking* cloth; which it retains as long as it is worn. It is not in much demand, the white cotton having engrossed the public attention. Were it encouraged however, cloths might be manufactured from it, perhaps not inferior to those imported from the East Indies, it being probable the cotton is of the same kind; as from experiments which have been made, nankeens have been manufactured in this state, of good colour and of very strong texture.

"*Green seed* cotton, produces a good white wool, adhering much to the seed; and, of course, with difficulty ginned. Its produce is greater, and its maturity is sooner than the black seed; for which reason it is principally cultivated in the middle and upper country; as the seasons of those districts are shorter, by several weeks, than those of the lower country; and the frosts are more severe.

"*Black seed* cotton is that which is grown in the lower country, and on the sea islands; producing a fine white cotton, of silky appearance; very strong, and of good staple. The mode of culture is the same with all these species; and rich high land, is the soil, on which they are generally planted. In the middle country, however, the *high swamp* lands produce the *green seed* in great abundance; and some tide lands and salt water marshes (after being reclaimed) in the lower country, have also made excellent crops of this valuable article.

"This plant is raised from the seed, and is managed in nearly the following manner: About the latter end of March, or beginning of April, commences the season for planting cotton. In strong soils the land is broken up with ploughs, and the cotton is sown in drills, about five feet from each other, and at the rate of nearly a bushel of seed to the acre; after which, when the cotton is a few leaves high, the dirt is thrown up in a ridge to the cotton, on each side, by a plough, with

a mould board adapted to that purpose. Or, in the first instance, beds are made rather low and flat, and the cotton is sown therein. By some they are sown in holes, at about ten inches distance; but the more general practice is to sow the cotton in a drill, along the length of the bed; after which it may be thinned at leisure according to its growth. In rich high land soils, not more than fifteen of these beds are made in a quarter of an acre; but in inferior lands, twenty-one beds are made in the same space of ground. When the plants are about four or six leaves high, they require a thinning; at which time, only a very few plants are left at each distance, where it is intended the cotton is to grow: and from time to time these plants are thinned, until at length two plants, or only one, are left at each distance. Where the land is not rich, the plants remain within ten or twelve inches of each other; but when a luxuriant growth is induced, they are thinned to eighteen inches, and two feet; and in rich swamp lands, to four feet distance in the rows. At the time of thinning also, the first hoeing is generally given; and the rule is, not to draw the earth down, but constantly to draw up a little earth, at each hoeing, to the plant; and to give the fields a hoeing every two or three weeks. With some planters, the practice of topping the main stalk has been used, when the plants are too luxuriant; but the plant throwing out consequently an abundance of suckers, and thereby increasing the toil of the negroes to pull them away, has induced its discontinuance. Towards the middle of September, however, it may be advantageous to top the cotton to the lowest blossoms; as from that time no blossoms will produce cotton. By this treatment, also, the sun has a greater influence on the plant, the pods sooner open, and the strength of the plant is not drawn unnecessarily from those pods, which are likely to come to maturity.

"At the first hoeing, the grass is carefully picked from amongst the plants, and a little earth is drawn around them. The second hoeing is also done in the same manner, and those succeeding; with this addition, that at every hoeing, the beds are drawn up more and more into an angular ridge, for the purpose of better throwing off the autumnal rains from the roots of the cotton. Some cotton-planters plant Indian corn at the intersections of every twenty-four feet, throughout the cotton field; and by this mode nearly make their provisions. But whether both the cotton and the corn would not do better by themselves, is for experience to determine. Towards the middle of June, the plants begin to put forth their beautiful blossoms; and continue blossoming and forming the pods, until the frosts set in; at which time all the pods that are not well grown, are injured and destroyed. Early in August, the harvest of cotton begins on the sea islands; and in September, it is general throughout the state, continuing until December. The cotton wool is contained in the pod in three or four different compartments; which, bursting, when ripe, presents the cotton full blown to the sight, surrounding its seeds. In small bags of oznaburghs, which are slung over the negroes' shoulders for the purpose, the cotton is then picked from the pods, and is carried home to the cotton house. From whence, for one or two days thereafter, it is taken out and spread to dry on a platform adjacent to the house, for that purpose; after which it is ready for ginning. For this purpose, a suitable house is necessary, sufficiently large to receive both the cured cotton and that which has been lately brought in. To the upper part of this house the scaffold is generally connected, for the greater convenience of taking the cotton from the upper part of the house to dry, and of returning it therein. When the cotton is well opened, a negro will gather sixty

or seventy pounds of cotton in the seed in a day. The produce of cotton is various, according to its different situations and kinds. In the lower country, the black seed ranges between one hundred and three hundred pounds weight, of clean cotton, to the acre. In the middle and upper country, green seed does the like. Upon indifferent lands, only from sixty to one hundred weight of clean cotton is made to the acre; on better lands, from one hundred to two hundred pounds weight are produced; and on the best lands, with happy seasons, three hundred weight of clean black seed cotton has been made in Beaufort district to the acre. This, however, is rarely done; and the planter is satisfied with from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of clean black seed cotton to the acre. The green seed planter expects somewhat more.

"The cotton, thus picked and brought in, is next to be ginned; for which purpose a suitable house is necessary. And various kinds of gins are used for extricating this valuable staple from its seed. Those at present in use, are *foot gins*, *Evees's gins*, *barrel gins*, and *saw gins*.

"*Foot gins* are worked with cranks, by a foot board, or treadle, almost resembling a turner's lathe. They are composed of two small rollers, about three-fourths of an inch diameter, which by pulleys are made to turn contrary ways. To each of these gins a negro is placed, with cotton for ginning; this he constantly applies to the rollers on the side next to him, which, by their motion, draw the cotton from the seed. It then falls into a bag, and the seed is discharged on the ground. With one of these gins, a negro will gin from twenty to twenty-five pounds of clean black seed cotton in a day; and can clean out about 1000lbs of clean cotton during the season.

"*Evees's gins* work similar rollers with additional mechanism; con-

sisting of iron teeth and pullies, by which the mill, with a little assistance, feeds itself. These mills are worked by horses and oxen, or by water. They were some time past introduced into Beaufort district; but not answering the expectations which had been formed of them, they are but little used.

"*Barrel gins* are either worked by oxen or water; and may be said to be nothing more than foot gins, to which greater power is applied by complicated mechanism. This consists of a large driving cog-wheel, working a small trundle wheel. This smaller wheel gives motion to a large *cylinder* or barrel, round which from eight to twenty-four sets of bands are passed, communicating with the pullies of as many cotton gins; which are fixed in rows on each side of it. A negro is stationed at each of these gins, to feed it with cotton; besides one who superintends the whole; and the larger kind of these mills will gin out from six to eight hundred weight of clean cotton in a day.

"The *saw gins* are used particularly for extracting the cotton from the *green seed*, to which it closely adheres. This mill is worked either by oxen or water, and consists of an horizontal cog-wheel, or a water wheel, working a band which puts the pullies of the saw-mill in motion. One of these pullies turns a cylinder, round which is affixed from twenty to forty circular iron plates, about three-fourths of an inch distant from each other, serrated at the edge; which continually revolve between iron straps, into the compartment where the cotton is placed; and thus tear the cotton from the seeds, as the space through which they revolve, is not sufficiently large to let the seeds pass through. Another pully moves a cylinder with a set of brushes opposite each saw; which takes the clean cotton from the teeth of the saw, and discharge it from the gin. One person besides the packers, and those who drive the oxen is sufficient for attending this gin;

and the cotton cleaned by it daily may be from six to nine hundred weight.

"After the cotton be thus ginned, by these different machines, a number of hands is employed in picking from it any dirt or bits of seed, which may remain in it: it is then packed up in bags, weighing from 250 to 300lbs. and is ready for market. As the nicety of its preparation more than its bulk, is the object with manufacturers, it is well worth the planter's attention to be careful in having it gathered clean from the field, and otherwise cleansed from all trash, broken seeds, and stained wool, which may remain, after its having passed through the gin. Cotton, prepared in this way, will assuredly command a ready and good price; as, in the extensive spinning machines which are established in Europe, the smallest particle of trash or seed breaks the thread, and interrupts the progress of the manufacture.

"Such is the growth of cotton in South Carolina, and the mode of preparing it for market. But it is not all of the same intrinsic value, as that raised on lands adjacent to the sea and salt water, called *island* or *sea shore cotton*, being *black seed*, it is preferred to the *green seed cotton*, which is raised in the interior of the country."

After discussing, very fully, the agriculture of the state, the author proceeds to make some few remarks on negro slavery. On this delicate topic it is but justice to all parties to hear what a shrewd and candid judge has to say in defence of negro servitude.

"In the pursuits of agriculture, slaves were introduced into this state; and importations from Africa soon supplied the planter with as many negroes as he was able to purchase. This gave a rapid increase to the settlement, and riches of the lower country; when, otherwise, its richest lands would not have been worth the cultivating. They, consequently, became a vested property in their respective own-

ers, by the laws of the land; and however paradoxical it may appear, their owners, on obtaining their independence, and a right by the constitution and government of this state, and these United States, thence flowing, *to be protected in their persons and property*, had an indefeasible right in them: without the reach of laws to alter, unless by their own consent, or by suitable compensation. Notwithstanding, however, this barrier, which has been, and will continue to be placed against any innovations respecting this property; many are the efforts which are not only tried individually, but collectively, to weaken this right of property; and, ultimately, to change its very nature. The impropriety appears greater; as these attempts flow, not from our own citizens, *for they know their rights and interests better*; but from *those of the Northern States*; who are less acquainted with them. With as much propriety might we request them to dismiss their *horses* from the plough; as for us to dismiss *these people* from labour. For *in both cases, lands of excellent quality, which are cultivated by them, would revert to a state of nature*. And with the same reason might they be asked to give the money out of their pockets, in order to equalize the situation of every person; as the people of the southern states be requested to make changes in this property, which would materially affect the fortunes they possess. And notwithstanding this impropriety, societies have intruded so far, as to send addresses to the different branches of our legislature; recommending certain modes, which they deem most eligible for us to pursue in this respect; and all this for the good of the whole family of mankind! The reception which these addresses have met with, renders any further comment on them unnecessary. This much, however, may be said; that, if it be an evil, it will sooner, or later, effect its own cure; and if it be a sin, it is the happiness of

those who are not engaged in it, to be safe from any of its future calamities.

"Should we for a moment inquire, what is the situation of negroes in Africa; we shall find them generally in a state of slavery; liable to be sold for the luxury of their princes, or, as following the chances of war. Some few are stolen from their parents, and others are taken by deception and fraud. But the great mass, which have been brought to South Carolina, only exchanged one slavery for another; and that too, *with many advantages in favour of their present situation in this country*. There, they are subject to the uncontrouled pleasure of princes; and are sometimes even slaughtered for the ceremonies of their funerals. Neither life nor property is secured to them. But force, oppression, and injustice, are the great engines of their government. *Here, laws are passed for their security and protection*. They are worked by certain tasks, which are not unreasonable; and when they are diligent in performing them, they have some hours of the day to themselves. Hence they are encouraged to plant for their own emolument; raise poultry for their own use, or for sale; and are protected in the property which they thus acquire. With *good masters*, they are happy and contented; and instances are known, where they have declined an offered freedom. It is prohibited *by law* to work them more than certain hours of the day, during different portions of the year; and their owners are *liable to a penalty*, if they do not feed and clothe them in a suitable manner. Should they treat them cruelly, they are *amenable to a court of justice* for the same. If a slave be killed in the heat of passion, fifty pounds sterling is *forfeited* to the state:*

* What a poor defence is this, if it should appear that these laws are never executed, these penalties never levied, these forfeitures never exacted!

and if wilfully murdered, one hundred pounds sterling is forfeited in like manner by the person offending, and he is rendered forever incapable of holding, exercising, enjoying, or receiving the profits of any office, place, or emolument, civil or military, within this state. And in case such person shall not be able to pay the said penalty, or forfeiture, he is liable to be sent to any frontier garrison of the state; or to be committed to prison, or a work-house, for seven years; and during that time be kept at hard labour. Their importation has been prohibited since the year 1788; not, however, without struggles in our legislature, respecting it. But, nevertheless, numbers of them have been introduced into this state, both by land and water; and that smuggling, which Mr. Edwards, in his history of the West Indies sagaciously predicted would happen in such case, has actually taken place in a great degree.* What the different importations of negroes, into this state, from time to time, may be, is not in my power to relate. But the census, which was taken of the population of this state in 1801, by direction of the federal government, gives us the number of them, about that time, amounting to 146,151; since which period, their numbers have no doubt increased, as well by births, as by smuggling.

Had not this agricultural strength been furnished South Carolina, it is probable, in the scale of commerce and importance, she would have been numbered among the least respectable states of the union. At this moment, the extensive rice fields which are covered with grain, would present nothing but deep swamps, and dreary forests; inhabited by panthers, bears, wolves, and other wild beasts. Hence, the best lands of this state, would have

been rendered useless; while the pine lands, from their barren natures, although they might maintain the farmer, would have done little towards raising the state to its present importance. At its first settlement, the fertile lands in the upper country were not known; or if they were, surrounded by Indian nations, they offered no retreat to the calm exertions of the farmer; where wars interrupted navigation, and unopened roads, would arrest from him the profits of his industry. But, should it be asked, why the swamps and low lands in the lower country, cannot be cultivated by whites, and without the labour of negroes? I would answer, these situations are particularly unhealthy, and unsuitable to the constitutions of white persons; whilst that of a negro, *is perfectly adapted to its cultivation*. He can, uncovered, stand the sun's meridian heat; and labour his appointed time, exposed to the continual steam, which arises from the rice grounds; whilst a white person could barely support himself under the shade, surrounded by such a relaxing atmosphere. He can *work for hours in mud and water, (which he is obliged to do in the rice culture, in ditching and draining,)* without injury to himself; whilst to a white this kind of labour would be almost certain death. Should these observations be founded on fact, (which it is believed they are) they sufficiently *justify* the present condition of this state, in the kind of property to which we immediately refer. And, while we lament the iniquitous passions, which originally introduced slavery into this state; it is with satisfaction we can assert, that their condition is far ameliorated to what it formerly was. They have their houses, their gardens, their fields, their dances, their holydays, and their feasts. And, as far as is consistent with our government, they enjoy privileges and protections, in some cases, superior to the poor whites of many nations; and in others equal to the mildest slavery

* See Edward's History of the West Indies, 4to. vol. II. pages 115, 116. And also page 503, et seq. of the appendix of the same volume.

in any part of the world. It may be said, this is still slavery. True. But, as was observed, it is preferable to the condition of the peasantry of some countries. How many tracts of land are there on this globe, whose inhabitants cannot boast as much good? How many thousands are there, who labour from morning until night, and from season to season, for at best a beggarly subsistence; whose tenure depends on the will of a prince, at once master of their fortunes, and of their liberties? With them, the father may in vain attempt to raise up his son for his support and comfort; but when the time arrives, and with increasing years, he comes to useful manhood; he is torn from the presence of his parents, and the endearments of his relations; to swell the pageantry of a court....or to confront the liberties of his country.

"This is what may be seen on the theatre of human life; continually chequered with good and evil, happiness and misery. The philanthropist may seek perfection and happiness among the human race; but he will never find it complete. The philosopher may plan new laws, and new systems of government; which practice too often declares but the effervescence of fancy, and unequal to the end proposed. Nature, governed by unerring laws, which command the oak to be stronger than the willow, and the cypress to be taller than the shrub; has at the same time imposed on mankind certain restrictions, which can never be overcome. She has made some to be poor, and others to be rich; some to be happy, and others to be miserable; some to be slaves, and others to be free. The subjects, or people, on which these principles are enforced, may be changed by industry, intrigues, factions, or revolutions; but the principles can never be altered; they will shew themselves again, with the same force on new subjects; unchangeable in their natures, and constant in their effects. So woods may be

cut down, and the lands on which they grew may be made to produce grains, which nature never planted there. But, withhold the hand of cultivation; and nature immediately causes weeds and plants to spring up again: and, in course of time, covers them with her dark retreats, and stately forests."

We have marked in italics the passages in this extract, on which the friend of negro *liberty* will be inclined to meditate. We should have been much better pleased with our author, if he had admitted the iniquity of the traffic, and urged these considerations rather to account for and excuse, than to *justify* the practice. Had he insisted on the enormous evils which would accrue even to the blacks themselves, from general or partial emancipation, rather than on the abstract right of the planters, to the persons of the blacks, as to the persons of their hogs and sheep, he would have gained a favourable audience, even with the greatest enemies of slavery, and have taken the *strongest* ground even with its friends.

We have next a very good account of the manufactures, inland navigation, and foreign commerce of the state. For this purpose, he has consulted the public offices, and procured the most ample and authentic documents.

Then follows a political view of the state, its constitution, laws and revenue; and a topographical account of Charleston, and other principal towns; and some particulars of the literature, and manners of the people.

On the whole, this publication is a valuable addition to our slender stock of information, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Drayton's laudable example will be followed by other ingenious men.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

TWO COMPENDS for the use of the Philadelphia Academy....1. Of Elocution; 2. Of Natural History. By

James Abercrombie, A. M. one of the Assistant Ministers of Christ's Church and St. Peter's, and Director of the Academy.

Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut citò dicta

Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.

HOR.

Philadelphia, H. Maxwell, p. p. 254.

MR. ABERCROMBIE has for some time past, been engaged as the instructor of youth. The Philadelphia Academy under his care, has, we have no doubt, promoted the interests of religion and literature in this city. The duties of the teacher in science, may be very properly united with those of the preacher from the pulpit; and in both capacities Mr. A. deserves no small approbation. In prosecution of the plan of education which he has adopted, the Compend now under examination were written. These are two.... The *first* on elocution... the *second* on natural history. In the endeavour to reduce these to a concise and systematic order, the writer has availed himself of what has been written on these subjects by many excellent writers. Mr. A. has not however implicitly followed these authors, but has thought for himself, and in several instances has discovered considerable originality. His style is always neat and perspicuous, and occasionally elegant and elevated. The Compend of Elocution, we think, is more successfully executed, than the one of Natural History. The former is divided into *two parts*. The *first part*, on the art of reading, includes the following subdivisions: On the voice, of reading, of accent, of emphasis, of modulation, of expression, of pauses.... The *second part*, on the art of speaking, includes the following subdivisions: Of tones, of looks, of gesture. In treating these, Mr. A. has succeeded in conveying instruction in an easy and impressive manner to the young. He concludes the Compend with the following sentences...

"CONCLUSION.

"Thus have we endeavoured to delineate those outlines, which nothing but good sense and taste can fill up.

"These few hints, however, if duly attended to, may suffice to aid and direct your efforts for improvement. Though, after all, it is impossible to acquire a correct and judicious pronunciation, a command of the various modulations of the voice, and strict propriety of gesture, merely from rules, without practice and an imitation of the best examples: which shews the wisdom of the ancients, in training up their youth to the study and practice of ELOCUTION, by the assistance of the most accomplished teachers, who exemplified the rules which were given to form the speech and action of their pupils.

"Yet, the more distinctly these outlines are marked and remembered, the easier will be the finishing: and if, instead of leaving so much taste, as is generally done, we were to push, as far as possible, our inquiries into those principles of truth and beauty in delivery, which are immutable and eternal; if we were to mark carefully the seemingly infinite variety of voice and gesture in speaking and reading, and compare this variety with the various senses and passions, of which they are expressive; from the simplicity of Nature, in her other operations, we have reason to hope, that they might be so classed and arranged, as to be of much easier attainment, and productive of much certainty and improvement, in the very difficult acquisition of a just and agreeable delivery; which, when once acquired, gives a polish to the character, which irresistibly captivates and arrests the attention of the hearers and beholders. The accomplished speaker at once regales the eye with a view of that most noble object the human form, in all its glory, the ear, with the perfection and original of all music; the understanding, with its proper and natu-

ral food, the knowledge of important truth; and the imagination, with all that in nature or in art is beautiful, sublime, and wonderful: for the orator's field is the universe, and his subjects are all that is known of God and his works.

"In a finished speaker, therefore, whatever there is of corporeal dignity or beauty....the majesty of the "human face divine," the grace of action, the piercing glance, the gentle languish, the fiery flash of the eye; whatever of lively passion or striking emotion-of-mind; whatever of fine imagination, of wise reflection, or irresistible reasoning; whatever of the sublime and beautiful in human nature; all that the hand of the Creator has impressed of his own image, upon the noblest creature we are acquainted with.... all this appears to the highest advantage. And whoever is proof against such a display of real excellence and dignity in the human character, must be void of sensibility, of taste, and of understanding."

"Such are th' effects of action, in
the fields
"Of oratorial fame! and such the
pow'rs,
"Which Nature gives her children;
while a look,
"A tone, a gesture, conjures up the
host
"Of passions, to transfix the con-
scious heart.
"But, if the force of sentiment, ar-
rang'd
"In beauteous order, and of language,
drest
"In elegant attire, with those com-
bine....
"The fire-fraught urn of *Eloquence*
devolves
"Its rapid wave, and nations catch
the flame!"

POLWHELE.

Mr. Abercrombie introduces his Compend of Natural History in the following manner....

"Natural History has been long and very justly ranked by the wise and good of all enlightened nations, among the most useful and interest-

ing branches of science. Its excellence arises from its contributing equally to promote knowledge, cultivate moral habits, and implant sentiments of rational piety. Its chief effect is to introduce man to an acquaintance with himself and the various objects of nature around him. But its influence over him does not terminate here. It irresistibly directs the powers of his mind to contemplate, and the affections of his heart to adore the Creator and Governor of the universe, the inexhaustible source of wisdom, of virtue, and of happiness.

"Natural History, in its most extensive signification, denotes a knowledge and description of the material universe; but in its more limited and familiar sense, extends only to the construction of the earth, its productions, inhabitants, and the atmosphere which surrounds it. It treats of those substances of which the earth is composed, and of those organized bodies, whether vegetable or animal, which adorn its surface, which rise into the air, or live in the bosom of the waters. But as a science so various and comprehensive, could not possibly be discussed within the narrow limits of this manual, it is proposed to give a general view of the subject, and merely to delineate, in a summary manner, whatever curious, worthy to be known, or not obvious to every observer, occurs in the three kingdoms of nature. Or in other words, a brief, though comprehensive view of that all-wise disposition of the Creator, in relation to natural things, by which they are fitted to produce general ends, and reciprocal uses. For though we see the greatness of the Deity in all the seeming worlds which surround us, it is our chief concern to trace him in that which we inhabit; the examination of the earth, and its wonderful productions, being the proper business of the natural historian.

"It is necessary, therefore, here to remark, that this Compend is intended only to awaken curiosity in

the youthful mind, by a display of a few striking objects; not to gratify the fulness of its wishes. From the extensive nature of the subject, and the necessary conciseness of such a summary, we are compelled to generalize, rather than enumerate, and to exhibit only such prominent features as may best serve to stimulate farther examination; at the same time endeavouring to condense as much information as can possibly be contained within so restricted a boundary.

"All the sciences are, in some measure, linked with each other; and before the one is ended, the other begins. In a natural history, therefore, of the earth, we must begin with a short account of its situation and form, as given us by astronomers and geographers; it will be sufficient, however, upon this occasion, just to hint to the imagination what they, by a train of elaborate and abstract reasonings, have forced upon the understanding.

"The earth, which we inhabit, is one of those bodies which circulate in our solar system: it is placed at a middle distance from the Sun, which is the center of that system; not so remote from it as the Georgium Sidus, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, and yet less parched by its rays than Venus or Mercury, which are situated so near the violence of its power.

"Besides that motion which the earth has round the Sun, the circuit of which is performed in a year, it has another upon its own axis, which it performs in twenty-four hours. From the first of these arises the grateful vicissitude of the seasons; from the second day and night.

"Human invention has been exercised for several ages, to account for the various irregularities of the earth, and various have been the speculations of philosophers respecting it: but our attention is now to be directed to the earth and its productions, as we find them; not to the reveries and reasonings of opposing theorists, concerning the causes of those productions; that

being the province, not of natural history, but of natural philosophy."

He then proceeds to treat separately of Meteorology....of the Elements....Fire....Water....Common Water.....Sea Water.....Mineral Waters....He considers the Three Kingdoms of Nature....The Mineral Kingdom, which consists of four classes; 1 Earths and Stones; 2 Salts; 3 Inflammables; 4 Metallic Substances or Ores....The Vegetable Kingdom....The Animal Kingdom with its various classes....He then proceeds to consider the nature of instinct in animals, and in the Conclusion of his work gives rapid portraits of some of the different races of men, and offers some properties which may be considered as forming a criterion to distinguish between animals, vegetables, and minerals.

"The present fashionable mode of blending the vegetable with the animal creation, and the rational with the irrational classes of the latter, by referring every impulse in human nature to a particular instinct as its ultimate cause, is a theory hurtful to science, and dangerous to morals; tending directly to materialism, and consequently to the degradation and extinction of Christianity, the only true source of consolation and of happiness to a virtuous and well disposed mind.

"In contemplating that portion of the great scale of creation which is subjected to our inspection, *Man* is unquestionably the chief or capital link, from whom all the other links descend by almost imperceptible gradations: and as head of the animal kingdom, while all the inferior orders are solely intent on the gratification of the senses, or are conducted to the performance of certain duties by blind instinct, unconscious of the wonders which surround them, it is *his* glory and prerogative to be gifted with an ability of extending his views beyond his own insulated existence, of examining the relations and dependencies of things, and of contemplating the vast universe of being. As a highly

rational animal, improved with science and arts, he is in some measure related to beings of a superior order, having been originally made "but a little lower than the angels."

"Though there cannot be a doubt but that all mankind, however disseminated over the globe, sprang from one parent stock; yet the influence of climate, civilization, and government, has created great and sensible diversities in colour, form, and stature. These broad lines of distinction, it is the business of the naturalist to remark, and of the philosopher to explain."

"In taking an extensive view of our species, there does not appear to be above five or six varieties, sufficiently distinct to constitute families; and in them the distinctions are more trivial than is frequently seen in the lower classes of animals. In all climates, man preserves the erect deportment, and the natural superiority of his form. There is nothing in his shape or faculties that designates a different original; and other causes connected with the climate, soil, habits, customs, laws, &c. sufficiently account for the varieties which exist among them."

"The Polar regions exhibit the *first* distinct race of men. The Laplanders, the Esquimaux Indians, the Samoied Tartars, the inhabitants of Nova Zembla, the Greenlanders, and the Kamtschadales, may be considered as forming a race of people, all nearly resembling each other in stature, complexion, habits, and acquirements. Born under a rigorous climate, confined to particular aliments, and subjected to numerous hardships, it seems as if their bodies and their minds have not had scope to expand. The extreme cold has produced nearly the same effect on their complexions, as intense heat has on the natives of the tropical regions: they are generally of a deep brown, inclining to black. Diminutive and ill shaped, their aspects are as forbidding, as their manners are barbarous. Their visage is large and broad, the nose flat and

short, the eyes brown suffused with yellow, the eyelids drawn towards the temples, the cheek-bones high, the lips thick, the voice effeminate, the head large, and the hair black and straight. The tallest do not exceed the height of five feet, and many not more than four. Among these nations feminine beauty is almost unknown; and little difference is to be discerned in the external appearance of the sexes. In proportion as we approach the north pole, mankind seems to dwindle in energy and importance of character, till we reach those high latitudes that forbid rational, if not animal life. The gradations, however, vary almost imperceptibly; but on the southern borders we find people of a large stature and more noble form, which, compared with those of the more northern, exhibit a striking contrast, and prove the omnipotent influence of climate on whatever breathes and lives."

"The *second* great existing variety in the human species, seems to be the Tartar race, whence it is probable that the natives of the hyperborean regions sprung. The Tartar country, in its common acceptance, comprehends a very considerable part of Asia, and consequently is peopled by natives of very different forms and complexions; yet there are leading traits of distinction between the whole race, and the people of any other country. They all have the upper part of the visage very broad, and early wrinkled; the lower narrow, and approaching to a point at the chin; their eyes are small and wide apart, their noses short and flat, their cheek-bones high, the eye-brows thick, the hair black, and the complexion olive. In general they are of the middle stature, strong, robust and healthy."

"The Calmucs in particular, are, according to our ideas of beauty, not only ugly, but frightful."

"Different as the Chinese and Japanese are in their manners and customs, they are evidently of Tartar origin. The general contour of

features is the same, and the variations in complexion, stature, and observances, may be satisfactorily explained from the principles of climate, food, and political institutions. To the class of original Tartars may be referred the Cochin Chinese, the Siamese, the Tonquinese, and the natives of Aracan, Laos, and Pegu; which all evince a common origin.

"The southern Asiatics constitute the *third* variety in the human species. In stature and features they bear a strong resemblance to the Europeans; they are slender and elegantly formed, have long straight black hair, and not unfrequently Roman noses. Their colour, however, according to the diversity of the climate, assumes different shades, from pale olive to black. The Persians and Arabians may be referred to this class; which, including the inhabitants of the widely dispersed islands in the oriental ocean, constitutes a very large mass of mankind.

The negroes of Africa form a well defined and striking variety of our species, which may be called the *fourth*. This sable race is extended over all the southern parts of Africa: and though there are various shades of distinction in point of colour and features, all may be grouped with propriety in the same picture. As among Europeans we find some handsomer than others; all, however, have the black colour, the velvet, smooth skin, and the soft frizzled hair. Their eyes are generally of a deep hazle, their noses flat and short, their lips thick and prominent, and their teeth of ivory whiteness.

We shall find the *fifth* variety of the human species among the *Aboriginal Americans*, who are as distinct in colour, as in their place of residence or habitation, from the rest of the world. These people, except towards the north, among the Esquimaux, where they resem-

ble the Laplanders, are of a red or copper colour, with less variation, however, than might be expected in such a diversity of climates. They have all black, straight hair, and thin beards, which they take care to extirpate in whole or in part, flat noses, high cheek-bones, and small eyes. Various deformities are created by art, among different tribes, under the idea of beauty; and for this purpose they paint the body and face, in a manner truly hideous, if scanned according to the standard of European regularity.

"The *sixth* and last grand division of the human race, and the most elevated in the scale of being, comprehends the Europeans and those of European origin. Among whom may be classed the Georgians, Circassians, and Mingrillians, the natives of Asia Minor, and the northern parts of Africa, together with parts of those countries which lie north of the Caspian Sea. The inhabitants of countries so extensive and so widely separated, must be expected to vary a good deal from each other; but in general there is a striking uniformity in the fairness of their complexions, the beauty and proportion of their limbs, and the extent of their capacity.

"To some one of the classes already enumerated, the people of every country may be referred. It is easy to perceive that of all the colours by which mankind is diversified, white is not only the most beautiful, but also the most expressive. The fair complexion becomes like a transparent veil to the soul, through which every shade of passion, every change of health, may be seen without the necessity of oral utterance; whereas, in the African black, and the Arabian olive complexion, the countenance is found a much less distinct index of the mind. With regard to *stature*, it wholly depends on climate, food, and other local causes.

"The European figure and complexion, may justly be considered as the standards, to which all the other varieties must be referred, or with which they may be compared. In proportion as other nations approach nearer to European beauty, the less they may be said to have degenerated; and in proportion as they recede, the farther they have deviated from that original form impressed on them by their great Creator."

We conclude this Review, by recommending these Compends and an excellent Compend of Logic, written by the Reverend Dr. Andrews, Vice Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, to the attention of the schools in the United States.

When the works of our countrymen discover talents and information, the feelings of every scholar and of every patriot should wish to see them meet proportionable encouragement, instead of being ranked below European productions of inferior merit.

For the Literary Magazine.

Narrative Poems, by J. d'Israeli; published by John Conrad & Co. Philadelphia....T. & G. Palmer, printers....p. p. 63.

FROM several of the prosaical works of D'Israeli, we have received pleasure and instruction. He is a writer who discovers an uncommon store of anecdote, who riots in the luxuries of literature, and leaves the more profound researches to minds more patient and inquiring. It is probably well known, that to him we are indebted for *Curiosities of Literature*, *Varieties of Literature*, *Literary Amusements*, a volume of *Miscellanies*, a *Sketch of the Times*, an *Essay on the Literary Character*, and the luxuriant and pathetic *Tale of Mejnoun*. The poems under consideration, will not detract from the favourable opinion which we have

formed of the talents of D'Israeli. The *Narrative Poems* are entitled, "The Carder and the Carrier".... "A Tale addressed to a Sybarite." All of these poems are exemplifications of the passion of love....their plans are extremely simple, and such as do not afford great interest in narration....they are however told very poetically. The first narrative describes an affection which subsisted between two persons in an humble station in life....their intercourse and their conversation....and their innocent sport in the garden, by which one of the lovers was deprived of life. The narrative continues to unfold the suspicion which was fixed on the surviving maid, as the destroyer of her lover Pasquil, her accusation, and her condemnation. It closes with the following speech of the maid to her accusers, and the account of her death....

"Too well we lov'd in separate life
to grieve,
Or live a day when Love has ceased to
live.
Born in Desire and nursed by chaste
Delight,
Our infant Love the stranger eye
would fright;
The child of Solitude and Fear would
fly,
Nor to the world would trust its in-
fancy.
Think not, ye Rich! in Poverty's rude
sphere
We feel no rapture from a heart that's
dear;
Think not, ye Delicate! we take no
part
In all the tender magic of the Heart.
Such happiness not Envy could for-
give;
Nor in one house, can Love and Pru-
dence live.
Hid in this copse we blest the gloom
above,
And gave the hour to privacy and love.
Here Pasquil sate the fateful plant be-
side,
In sport he tasted and in sport he died!

Bowing her head, the plant of poi-
sonous breath
She sucked, and blest the vegetable
death.

Quick thro' her veins the flying poi-
son's dart,
And one cold tremor chills her beating
heart.
She kneels, and winds her arms round
Pasquil's breast,
There, as 'twere life to touch, she
creeps to rest ;
On him once more her opening eyes
she raised,
The light died on them as she fondly
gazed ;
With quick short breath, catching at
life, she tried
To kiss his lips, and as she kissed, she
died.

O did the muse but know the learned
name
To blast that fair-deceiving Plant to
Fame!
With mimic tints the vegetable child
Low as the sage-plant crept along,
and smiled.

O never may it drink the golden light
With laughing tints.....the Garden's
Hypocrite!

Ye colder Botanists the Plant describe,
Gaze on the spectre-form* and class
the tribe!

But ye sweet-souled, whose pensive
bosoms glow

With the soft images of amorous woe,
From you the muse one tender tear
would claim;

One shudder, at *the plant without a
name!*

Loved of the Muse, thou self-
devoted Maid!

(A verse is music to a Lover's shade)
For thee she bids a silver lily wave,
Planting the emblem on a Virgin's
grave;

On Love's immortal scroll with ten-
derest claim,

Inscribes a *Carder's* with a *Carrier's*
name!

The second tale was to us the
most interesting in the volume. It
bears some resemblance to Gold-
smith's Hermit, and to a tale in the
Spectator, entitled Theodosius and
Constantia. As we intend to give
this tale entire in the poetical de-
partment, we shall pass it over with-
out any further comment.

* *In an Hortus Siccus...that sepulchre
of departed flowers.*

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The third tale, addressed to a Sy-
barite, is a very pleasing improve-
ment upon the well-known story of
Pygmalion and the Statue. It has
also taken a hint from an incident
contained in the "Winter Tale."
The argument of this performance
is as follows....Anasilis is a youth
of the town of Sybaxis, unrivalled in
beauty. He excites the love and ri-
valship of all the females of the place,
but he remained unmoved by their
sighs, and unconquered by their
charms....or in the figurative lan-
guage of the poet....

"This bird on fluttering wings re-
fused the cage,
Nor lost a feather in his sprightly age;
From the soiled nets of beauty flew
secure,
No touch could lime him, and no
glance secure."

This day of freedom, however,
does not always last. In a solitude
not far from the town, an hoary
lover kept secluded from public
view, a child-like maiden called
Aglaiia, under the care of a woman
named Myseida. This matron had
been the nurse of Anasilis, and
still retained for him maternal
affection. She, in violation of her
trust, permits him, while conceal-
ed, to see Aglaiia. He becomes
instantly passionately enamoured
of her. He prevails on Myseida
to introduce into the apartment
of the maid, a statue exquisite-
ly executed, exactly resembling
himself. Aglaiia beholds this statue
....admires its surpassing beauty....
calls it by the name of love....and
her imagination dwells in rapturous
fondness on its charms. Anasilis
having thus far succeeded in his de-
sign, withdraws the statue from
Aglaiia's chamber....and unseen be-
holds her warm tears, and hears
her enamoured sighs. In a favour-
able moment, he enters the bower,
throws himself upon the ground,
closes his eyes, and seems to be
locked in insensibility and slumber.
Aglaiia comes, beholds the youth
in the arbour. She supposes him
to be the statue. She runs de-

lighted to embrace him, and he awakens to life and to love..... Here, however, we shall let the author speak for himself, as the close of this poem is one of the finest specimens of his poetry....

" 'Tis love! (she hardly breathes) the God is here!
Stept from his pedestal, a breathing form!
Marble so lov'd relents, and like myself is warm.
Ah, not in vain th' ideal form I loved,
Not vain the silent tears, a picture moved!....
Stilly she trod and all unbreathing gazed,
Then tremulously kissed the hand she raised.
The Virgin Kiss imparts the finest flame,
The sweet sensation trembling thro' her frame;
Nor quits the hand, but half delirious takes
To press it to her heart....and love awakes!

She kneels....Can anger in that softness dwell?
Once having seen thee must I bid farewell?
Is love a crime? then half the guilt be thine,
Blame thy seducing powers, thine eyes divine!
Think ere thou shak'st me from thy gentle arm
How small the triumph o'er a virgin form!

Anasilis in fond entrancement hears,
Bends o'er the Nymph and kissed away her fears.
Then thus....An innocent deceit forgive;
Smile on thy picture and the form shall live.

She then, "Unskill'd how features are abroad,"
First of thy Race, to me thou art a God!
How oft when idle Fancy idly roved

For uncreated shapes,...'twas thee I loved!

And if I may not mate with thee I die;
Oh, be not twice a Statue to my sigh!

With meek surrender and a timorous glance,
The boy, each soft retiring grace enchants;
While to his bosom all the virgin stole,
Kissed with adoring lips, and gazed his soul.
Then triumphed Love, with Nature for his dower,
And time with silvery feathers winged the hour.

To thee, young Sybarite! the tale we give,
If once thou sigh'st for graces that will live,
To one dear Nymph thy spotless Youth resign,
And Love's Eternity shall all be thine!
To modest Beauty, Fate decrees the power
To raise with fond delay, the amorous hour.
Who knows a soft Aglaia's heart to move,
To her shall be....the tender Power of Love!

It will be observed by the Critical Reader of these Narrative Poems, that the author endeavours to apply words in a singular and original manner, and that though he is sometimes happy in his attempt, yet it sometimes leads into obscurity. We think that he is rather too rapid in his narration, that he leaves too much to be supplied by the imagination of the reader, and that he would interest more, did he introduce more events, and dwell more minutely upon them. We fear that D'Israeli is rather verging too much on the borders of Della Cruscan and Darwinian poetry; but with all his faults, we consider him as a writer who possesses a rich and original fancy.... who discovers an active and well furnished mind.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGINAL.

LINES TO OLINDA.

WHERE roves my sad romantic maid,
Kind shepherds, can you tell?
Say have you seen her in the shade,
The hill, or tangled dell?
Tell me, sweet stream that babblest by,
Hast thou not listen'd to her sigh?

Sad echo, from thy mossy hall,
Didst thou the wanderer see;
And didst thou answer to her call,
And did she speak of me?
Soft gales of evening bath'd in dew,
O! have you seen her as you flew?

I seek her over hill and dale,
O'er stream, thro' whisp'ring grove;
I tell her name to every gale
Breathed from the heart of love;
I call...but still no voice replies,
I call...but still Olinda flies.

The robe she wears, of azure hue,
Floats loosely on the air;
Her eyes are of seraphic blue,
Pale-brown her waving hair.
Her steps are like the bounding roe,
Her cheeks the rose, her forehead snow.

The nightingale would cease to sing
To listen to her lay,
And zephyr spread his silken wing
To bear the notes away:
Her voice, her air, her face impart
A mind, a genius, and a heart.

Behold the sun withdraws his beam,
And darkness shrouds the scene;
The night-bird pours his hollow scream
The night-wind sweeps the green.
No pipe is heard on mead or rock,
The shepherd homeward drives his flock.

O then return my peerless fair,
Restrain thy eager flight,
The falling dews will drench thine hair,

Unwholesome is the night...
I'll wind each thicket, beat each shade,
Till I have found thee, wandering maid.

I. O.

SELECTED.

COMINGE.

BY J. D'ISRAELI.

'Twas where La Trappe had raised
his savage seat,
Of grief and piety the last retreat;
And dark the rocks and dark the fo-
rest lay,
And shrill the wind blew o'er the Ab-
bey grey,
House of remorse, of penitence, and
care,
Its inmate grief, its architect despair!*

The shepherd from the stony pas-
ture flies,
No music warbles in those silent skies;
Where in the wilderness the cypress
waves,
The pale-eyed votaries hover round
their graves;
Silence and solitude perpetual reign
Around this hermit-family of pain!

Mark the dread portal!....who with-
out a tear
Forgets the murmuring earth to enter
HERE?
As the deep solitude more sternly
grows,
With social tenderness the pilgrim
glows;
And while he reads the awful lines
above,
Turns to his native vale and native
love.

"Lo death, the pale instructor!
guards this porch,
And truth celestial waves her mighty
torch!

* The founder, or rather reformer,
of the severe order of the Monks of
La Trappe, was the Abbe Rancé,
whose romantic adventure with his
mistress is so well known. As the
last effort of despair he planned this
institution: among the frightful auste-
rities there practised, were those of
perpetual silence, midnight prayers,
manual labours, and digging their own
graves. The story of Cominge may
be found in a little novel, by Madame
Tencin.

Far from the world's deceiving path
we fly,
To find a passage to Eternity?"*

All are not sinners here! these walls
detain
Much injured loves....the men of soft-
er vein!
Hope to their breast in fond delirium
springs....
The laughter, while she charmed, con-
cealed her wings;
And from her lap the copious seeds
she threw,
Which never to the eye of promise
grew.

Here bade Cominge the world for ever
close;
Soothing his spirit with the dread re-
pose:
He call'd it Peace! while in the mid-
night prayer,
The bed of ashes and the cloth of hair,
Vainly his soul oblivion's charm would
prove!
Alas! there's no oblivion in his love!
Around the altar's shade the Exile
trod;
The soul that lost its Mistress sought
its God!

Hark! to that solemn sound!....the
passing bell
Tolls, the still Friery catch the awful
knell;
Loud as it bursts the message from the
skies,
Why drops the human tear from ho-
liest eyes?

The dying father bends! they start!
they trace
A fine proportion and a slender grace;
Touched by the magic circle of his
eye
The heart that slept for years now
wakes to sigh;
'O sacred form of beauty! sacred here!
Prevailing softness e'en in souls aus-
tere!

As falls his cowl the lengthening
tresses rest,
Twine a white neck, and veil a rising
breast,

* The following inscription was
placed on the gate of the Abbey:
'C'est ici que la morte et la verite,
Elevent leur flambeaux terrible,
C'est de cette demeure au monde
inaccessible
'Que l'on passe a l'Eternite.'

And lo! as the fair-handed Father
kneels,
Pale on the eye a woman-hermit
steals!
All gaze with wonder, but Cominge
with dread;
She dies, whom long his hopeless
heart thought dead!

Fathers, (she cries) my sex profanes
your gown,
I made your silence, not your griefs my
own.
I loved Cominge; my parents frowned,
and power
Long chained my lover in the tyrant's
tower.
Ah, could I live, and think Cominge
for me
Was worn by chains, and lost in mi-
sery?
Those parents doomed me to a loveless
mind,
Not to their daughter but a stranger
kind.
Ruthless ambition! immolating sires
With victim-children crowd thy Mo-
loch fires.
The early rose, by hands ungentle cast,
Feels o'er its youth of sweets the wast-
ing blast;
Such was the ransom of my lover paid,
And sometimes more than constancy
displayed.

To me Cominge on love's swift pi-
nions flew,
No other use of liberty he knew....
"Be free in all but love!"....and here I
sighed.
"Can there be freedom without love?"
he cried.
"Was it for this I woke, O vision
blest!
Romantic fondness in a woman's
breast,
And thought my painted heaven was
true! to sigh
My ruin'd feelings in thine altered eye.
A woman's magic will but last its hour,
Her heart a wandering wave, her face
a short-lived flower!"

How bitter in my soul his words I
found!
He gave my wounded breast another
wound.
He knew it not!....the fond recital
spare!....
Tormenting memory cease!....my tears
declare

More than my words our fate....silent
he stood,
Looking at once reproach and grati-
tude!

In vain we part....the peril still was
near!
The madness of sweet words had
charmed the ear;
And while the last farewell was told so
sweet,
'Twas but an invitation still to meet.
But sympathy, that softer kind of love,
Would rack the breast it hardly seem-
ed to move.
Was this a crime? ah, piteous fathers,
mourn
From love's soft witcheries the virgin
torn;
Still let me plead, ye halloved sons of
time!
The daughter's error was the father's
crime.

My lord within an arbour's green
retreat
My unblest lover weeping at my feet
Beheld....to me the fervent steel he
flung;
Come, a living shield around me
clung,
Warm on my breast I felt his welling
blood!
My lover fell...the coward victor stood!
No transient vengeance fills so base
a mind,
His was no stream that trembles with
the wind;
But dark and wild, his soul the Furies
form,
His soul was like a sea, blown by a
storm.

Now frowned the dungeon's vault...
there sunk so drear,
Cold on my grate I pour'd the fruitless
tear;
Each day more sharply felt the iron
bound
Inexorable, close the world around.
The sun my sole companion! and he
cheers
With morning light....the evening sets
in tears.
There the fresh breeze would melan-
choly swell
To pale-eyed beauty fading in a cell.
The vermeil cheek, the golden tress
decay,
And love's delicious hour in youth's
brief day,
That drops such sweets and flies so
swift away!

Yet could the cell the liberal soul de-
tain?

It knows no solitude, it feels no chain;
There its sweet habitudes like nature
bless,
And what it doats on it will still pos-
sess.
My lover's image in my slumbers stole;
'There love and fancy, painters of the
soul!
In no weak tints their airy pencils
steep,
Holding their pictures to the pillowed
sleep.

Again I live to hope, to love again,
The hour my tyrant died, unbound my
chain.

'Twas for Come, my pensive soul
was gay,
And sprung exulting to the life of day.

With love's inventive mind Come
I trace,

And hope still changes with each
changing place,
Oft tracked yet never found....in stern
despair

No more the softness of my sex I
share;

A restless exile in my native home,
Love wad the torch of hope, and
bade me roam.

The verdant groves within whose
shades I grew,
The cherished mates my gayer
childhood knew,
All that a woman loves....from
these I flew.

A novel sex I take....the ruder air
Yet ill conceals the woman's heart I
bear.

No guide save love, thro' pathless
ways for me,

Earth was my couch, my canopy a tree!
For still the mountain girl, the peasant
rude,

The curious hamlet's cautious neigh-
bourhood,

Frowned on the vagrant loitering at
their door,

Still are the poor suspicious of the poor.

Oft by some river's brink, with wist-
ful eyes,

Leaning I viewed the soft inverted
skies;

How oft, my spirit darkened by des-
pair,

I breathed a sigh to find a passage
there!

Yet then with sweet enchantment to
my mind

On earth's green bed some curious plant
inclined;
Some tender bird the woodland song
would troll,
And leave the melting music in my
soul;
Gazing on lovely nature while I grieve,
I think on Nature's Author....fear and
live!

I hail the desert which religion chose,
Severe, to build the wanderer's last sad
house;
Grown weary of the world's unpiteous
eye,
Wailing for him who never heard the
sigh,
Fresh tears stood in my eyes, and
sweetly stole,
Melting the fears that shake a wo-
man's soul.

The air was still, the sleepy light
was grey,
When faint and sad I crossed my
hands to pray;
The evening star illum'd her bashful
beam;
The holy Abbey in the twilight gleam
Breathed a celestial calm....How rap-
turous stole,
The oraison from my delighted soul!
'Twas inspiration all, ecstatic prayer!
I bend, and lo! a vision fills the air!
Heaven opens here, and here its Se-
raphs dwell!
I hear your vesper's sweet responses
swell!
Amid the choral symphonies ye sung,
I hear the warblings of my lover's
tongue!

'Twas like a dream when madness
shakes the brain;
The trembling pleasure fills my soul
with pain.

At length 'twas silence; your lone
gate I found,
Strike the small bell, and tremble with
the sound;
That sound so dear to many a pilgrim
nigh,
Who seeks the desert's hospitality.
There without breath to form a sigh,
I wait,
While my heart bounded to the turn-
ing gate;
And lo! with downcast eyes a Father
meek!

Scarce mounts the life-blood to his
ashy cheek:
Ah, 'twas Cominge! th' imperfect
face inclined,
Marked by the traces of a ruined mind.

'Twas then I vowed, the impious
deed forgive,
A woman vowed beneath your roof
to live!
From silence, and from solitude, I
sought
Stillness of soul, and loneliness of
thought.
But gives the holy spot a holy mind?
A saint is oft a criminal confined.
The lifted torch that gilds the pomp of
night,
The anthem swelling in the gorgeous
rite;
Think ye such forms can wing the sin-
ner's soul,
When passion burns beneath the
saintly stole?

These frightful shades some tran-
sient pleasures move;
How sweet to watch the motions of
my love!
O'er his still griefs in secrecy to melt,
And kneel on the same cushion where
he knelt;
Musing on him, to sit beneath the tree,
Where a few minutes past he mused
on me!

With manual toil my slender frame
is worn,
The faggot gathered, and the water
borne.
Faint where the gushing rock its cur-
rent spread,
The ponderous waters trembled on my
head;
Or toiling breathless in the winding
wood,
Moaning beside the forming pile I
stood;
Silent he viewed me with a pitying
smile,
Bore half my vase, and bound with his
my pile.

Oft hovering near him has my flut-
tering heart
Bade me my life's unfinished tale im-
part;
Once lost in frenzy at the solemn hour
Ye dig your channels to death's silent
shore,

And more than human in th' unnatural
glooms
With hope and fear ye sit beside your
tombs,
I marked his eager hand sublimely
mould
The house sepulchral which himself
must hold;
I hear the sullen spade with iron sound,
Wild on his grave I shriek and wail
around!
Th' eternal silence broke!....he cen-
sures mild
A holy man with worldly sorrow wild.
Hast thou not known (I cried) some
human woe
That lives beyond the tears it caused
to flow!....
Deep was the groan the fond inquiry
moved;
Deep was the groan that told how still
he loved!
He flies me, but to the recalling tone
He turns! he hears a voice so loved,
so known!
But ah, th' uncertain voice but fancy
deems,
Starting like one half-wakeful in his
dreams.

Who with religion's pale atonement
pleads,
Leans on a thorn, and tho' supported
bleeds;
She, the stern mother of each stubborn
child,
Scares its desponding eyes with terrors
wild;
Yet a soft balm her seraph-hand can
pour
On hearts that pant not, and can love
no more;
Me all ungracious, prayer nor penance
moved,
My heart rebellious grasped the crime
it loved.
What though I dropt a tear before the
shrine?
Thine was the image, and the tear was
thine!
Ah, let thy voice but speak, thy hand
but wave;
Approach! and hide the horror of the
grave!
Cominge! how chill my blood! how
dark my eye!
Ah, soon perhaps....farewel, Cominge
....I die!

She dies to all, but to Cominge!....
he prest

Once more his mistress to his hermit
breast;
Love's sweet vibration woke his trem-
bling soul;
Tears dropt his stony eyes, and mur-
murs stole
From his mute tongue....ah, poor dis-
traction's child!
He holds with her who was, a con-
verse wild;
Distraction's child! still doat upon
thy shade!
Still grasp a corpse thou deem'st thy
living maid.
O could thy soul this little moment
keep,
Gaze on cold eyes, and kiss th' unkiss-
ing lip!
But all has past!....Despair, and
Thought, and Pain
Rend the fine texture of the working
brain.
Few hours shall part ye, and one tomb
receive,
While Hermit-Lovers there, assem-
bling grieve!

For the Literary Magazine.

CANZONETS FROM CAMOENS.

[An English Viscount has lately trans-
lated from the Portuguese, several
Canzonets and Sonnets of Camoens,
who has been hitherto known to the
English reader as the author of the
Lusiad. These poems discover that
their writer was a man of uncom-
mon sensibility, that he was the en-
thusiast of beauty, and a vivid
painter of charms. They cannot
fail to interest all whose eyes have
melted with the tears, and whose
bosoms have beat with the fervour
of love. Two specimens will enable
our readers to judge of these luxu-
riant wild flowers of poesy.]

CANZON.

"Quando o sol encuberto vay mo-
strando
"Ao mundo a luz quieta," &c.

WHEN day has smil'd a soft farewel,
And night-drops bathe each shutting
bell,
And shadows sail along the green,

And birds are still, and winds serene,
I wander silently ;

And while my lone steps print the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my
view,

To memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest
tears,

So oft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair ;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart...and thence be still,
Re-echo'd faithfully :

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses prest,
Ah, me ! how fervently.

Such are my hours of dear delight,
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last amongst the dropping dew
I wander'd silently.

For the Literary Magazine.

CANZONET.

" Polo meu apartamento
" Se amazao," &c.

I whisper'd her my last adieu,
I gave a mournful kiss ;
Cold showers of sorrow bath'd her
eyes,

And her poor heart was torn with
sighs ;

Yet...strange to tell... 'twas then I
knew

Most perfect bliss.

For love, at other times suppress'd,
Was all betray'd at this....

I saw him weeping in her eyes,

I heard him breathe amongst her
sighs,

And every sob which shook her breast,
Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The sighs which keen affection clears,
How can it judge amiss ?

To me it pictur'd hope ; and taught

My spirit this consoling thought,

That love's sun, though it rise in tears,
May set in bliss !

For the Literary Magazine.

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

THE revival of the war between France and England, which took place at the close of the last year, has not hitherto been productive of any very important events. It is, however, in many respects, the most remarkable that has ever hitherto occurred. France by the continuance of peace between her and her immediate neighbours, is at liberty to bend her whole force against England. England, by her insular situation and by her great maritime force, puts her enemy at bay. France has no option but to aim an expedition against Great Britain, to embarrass the English commerce on the continent, and to seize whatever territories on the continent belong to England.

The first object at present engages the attention of the First Consul and his ministers. Boats

are constructing in all the ports and rivers of the republic : and a mighty army is levying and equipping for the purpose of invading England. The English are busy in preparing for this invasion. A strong apprehension of danger seems to prevail, and the preparations for defence are more formidable, than has ever taken place since the time of the Spanish armada.

The minds of political enquirers are earnestly engaged in speculating on the possible events of the present state of things. The great force of the English at sea, and the extreme vigilance of their commanders : and the heavy encumbered, and defenceless state of the armaments of the invaders : the turbulence of the winds and waves, especially in autumn, are extremely unfavourable to the landing of

the French in England. The zeal, union, and numbers of the English: the universal preparation made for arming and transporting the people to the scene of action: the fortifications and signals on the coast most obnoxious to the attack, are circumstances much insisted on by those who predict the speedy destruction of the French army should its landing be effected.

On the other hand, there are some who insist upon the implacable hostility of the French, which will prompt them to acts of the greatest temerity: on that caprice of fortune which sometimes delights in crowning with success, undertakings which have nothing to distinguish them but their temerity: on the great number of points from which the invading armies will set out, and which, by dividing and distracting the adversary fleets, may insure a landing to some of them. These reasoners draw arguments in favour of the undertaking from the unexampled efforts which the British are making to defeat it, and the vigorous and sanguine efforts of the French, to carry it into execution.

There is probably no person in England or France, who sincerely believes in the ultimate success of the invasion; that is, who believes it possible for France to make a conquest of England. The great powers of Europe, are too nearly balanced to allow to any one of them the hope of *conquering* the other. The great object of their warfare is, not to *subdue*, but merely to *annoy*. How far this end will be accomplished by France, in compelling the English to such vast and expensive preparations of defence by sea and by land; on what side the balance of benefits will fall, at the conclusion of the year, should the French never leave their ports, or should they loose half a dozen battles and fifty thousand of their troops in England, is a difficult question.

The French, while engaged in these preparations, have not been idle in annoying the English on the

continent of Europe. They have hitherto succeeded in persuading their neighbours, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, to preserve their neutrality. They have not succeeded in persuading any of them to join their party: and the diplomatic warfare which is eagerly carrying on at Vienna, Petersburg, Berlin, and Madrid, between France and England, has produced nothing hitherto but an equipoise of favour and interest.

One of the first attempts of France, after the renewal of the war, was to send an army into Germany and to take possession of Hanover. This territory is large, rich, and populous: it is little inferior in extent and military force to Bavaria, Bohemia, or Saxony, and yet by some dreadful defect in its political system, a fine army, a thousand towns and villages, and a million of citizens, surrendered to the first summons of an inconsiderable detachment, with as much precipitation and facility as a petty and dilapidated fortress.

It requires a better acquaintance with the subject than we at this distance possess, to account for this surrender. What circumstances have so far weakened the attachment of the Hanoverians to their prince and to their independence, as to induce them to give such ready entrance to an enemy who, the experience of others might teach them, would not fail to treat their country as a conquered one, and as one of which the possession was to be precarious and brief, can only be explained by those who reside upon the spot.

The intelligence which the present month has brought us, relates chiefly to the preparations, which are made in France and England for attack and defence; to the journey of the first consul through the provinces of his empire; to the capitulation of Hanover, and to the insurrection in Ireland.

On the first head our intelligence does little more than confirm the accounts which had been previous-

ly received. On the second head, the principal circumstance is, an address said to have been made by Buonaparte, on his setting out upon his journey, on the twentieth of June.

It is so very faithful a statement of the probable views of his government, that we are inclined to doubt its authenticity. It is too candid a display of his sentiments to have been safely made in the manner mentioned. It is, however, valuable as an historical picture of the present state of France, and the sentiments of its ruler....He delivers himself in the following terms :

" Before I commence one of the most important journies ever undertaken by the Chief of an Empire, I think it necessary to inform my Council of State, that I am perfectly satisfied with their zeal and fidelity.

" A great enterprize occupies my mind, great meliorations demand my attention. Without detailing to you, at this moment, a vast project, in which I shall require the assistance of your knowledge and your efforts, I shall describe to you the different subjects on which I am desirous the Council should deliberate without delay.

" We cannot deny, that our internal administration has not that *unity and activity* which distinguish our external relations....We are powerful and respected abroad, and at home we are *timidly irresolute*....*obliged to consult public opinion*, without possessing the means of controuling or directing it.

" Why our progress is thus embarrassed I have not yet discovered. Perhaps, enterprizes, which require boldness, have been conducted with too much circumspection....perhaps *too much importance has been given to public opinion* in circumstances in which it ought to have been opposed or disregarded, I know not but it appears to me to be necessary instantly *to break all the habits* which great bodies of the people have contracted by the revolution.... Thus conducted to obedience by

firm measures, they will feel less interest in the changes which the return of order requires, and we shall at the same time be more at liberty to attempt these changes.

" The French are in general, of an *unquiet and discontented* disposition. That levity with which they were reproached, and which some skilful Ministers have turned to their advantage, in establishing absolute authority, no longer exists. It is replaced by suspicion and restlessness. I have received many reports on the manner in which the people view our administration, on what they hope, and on what they require. I have almost always observed a discontent without any pretext, or by which those which existed were exaggerated. We have not yet advanced far enough from the chaos to which we succeeded, and the *pretensions* which contributed not a little to produce it are but too well recollected. Indeed when I see the injustice with which *our* meliorations are received, and the liberty which is taken with *our* conduct, I am compelled to ask myself, whether we have not been *too gentle, too conciliating* and whether it is possible for this nation to accommodate itself to a *temperate authority*?

" I am pretty well satisfied with the rich proprietors. They have that respect for the government, which we are entitled to require of them. But, perhaps, they have not displayed *sufficient confidence*, perhaps they have shewn little anxiety to involve themselves in its destiny, and finally, they, perhaps, made too few sacrifices for supporting it in its embarrassment : but this is not the moment for investigating all these subjects of dissatisfaction. It is, however, necessary to discover the cause of this uncertainty and coldness in the public opinion, and to remedy it promptly by *strong* measures and *vigorous* institutions.

" I know, that in general, the new government is *reproached* for its *expenses*. If, however, the

people could reason when their wants are in question, it would be easy to prove, that the expenses which are so disagreeable to them fall in a small proportion on the public treasury; but we well know, that the multitude are incapable of entering into such details. The Revolution has rendered them jealous of every thing connected with rank and splendor; but *to that, it is proper their minds should be habituated.* As to the burden of taxes, I am of opinion that it is not sufficiently disguised, and that it may be augmented without being so sensibly felt. It is the opinion of financiers, that *too much is levied on land.* We must have recourse to indirect taxation; but that requires an extended commerce; and this war, which I could neither prevent nor delay, has deranged all my plans for the restoration of our industry and navigation. I hope, however, that with the aid of some regular *tributes* which we have a right to require *from our neighbours*, either for the benefits which they have received, or which we grant them, it will be possible to diminish the public charges; but this resource is not yet fixed, though it *has already produced much.* But the measure in the execution of which I have experienced real obstacles, and open disaffection, is my attempt to increase the army to that degree of force which is proportionate to our influence in Europe, and the expeditions I am preparing.

"We cannot support our power without a great military establishment. We cannot remain formidable, unless we present to astonished Europe a gigantic army. Military glory has raised us to our present situation, and it is only by a display of military power, that we can maintain ourselves in it.

"I confess, that for constructing this formidable support of our grandeur, I thought I perceived great facilities in the national character, in the warlike talents of the French

people, and their thirst of glory and conquest, which success only serves to stimulate. In this, however, I have been a good deal deceived. The conscription was at first effected with scarce any obstacle, but not without great murmurs; that institution which peculiarly belongs to France, seems about to fail completely. There is no ardour in the youth, much indisposition in the parents.....The Government ought, therefore, to direct all its attention to an inquiry into the causes which have produced this apathy, and resistance. *Vigorous* measures are necessary to remedy those evils, particularly, if I do not succeed in the efforts I still intend to make in my journey, for re-animating that warlike spirit which seems about to be extinguished.

"I must next notice those scenes from which I have experienced an almost equal degree of anxiety, which fortunately, however, begin to diminish. I mean the crimes which some months ago still assailed us.That phrenzy of vengeance and pillage has long given me great uneasiness, and the special tribunals will never be able to protect us from its attempts. Here I must observe, that our judicial organization is bad; the *Judges* are *too independent* of the *Government.* Their places ought *not to be for life*, and we ought to possess more means of stimulating them, when they are inactive or timid, or of punishing them when they misunderstand their duty. The institution of juries, which I have preserved out of respect to those who founded it, rather than from any regard to the public opinion, is *useless* and *never can be naturalized among us.* Popular institutions will *never suit France.* Every thing which approximates to the people, soon becomes either the object of their contempt or indifference. We must have severe judicial forms, and inflexible judges. Such a reform would be worthy of our meditations. You ought to pave the way for it by your speeches and

your writings....Without it, there is neither *refuse for us*, nor security for the people."

Capitulation of Hanover.

The capitulation of Hanover, was made upon condition that the English government should ratify the terms of it. The French minister appears to have lost no time in transmitting this instrument to the English court, and demanding the confirmation of it. The following reply was made by Lord Hawkesbury, in June 15, 1803.

"I have his majesty's orders to inform you, that as he has always considered the character of Elector of Hanover as distinct from his character of King of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, he cannot consent to acquiesce in any act which might sanction the idea that he is justly susceptible of being attacked in one capacity, for the conduct he may think it his duty to adopt in the other. It is not now that this principle has, for the first time, been advanced. It has been recognized by several powers of Europe, and more particularly by the French government, which, in 1796, in consequence of his majesty's accession to the Treaty of Basle, recognized his neutrality in his capacity of Elector of Hanover, at the moment when it was at war with him in his quality of King of Great Britain. This principle had besides been confirmed by the conduct of his majesty in reference to the Treaty of Luneville, and by the arrangements which have lately taken place relative to the Germanic indemnities, whose object must have been, to provide for the independence of the Empire, and which have been solemnly guaranteed by the principal Powers of Europe, but in which his Majesty took no part as King of Great Britain.

"In these circumstances, his majesty, in his character of Elector of Hanover, is resolved to appeal to the Empire, and the Powers of Europe, who have guaranteed the Germanic Constitution, and

consequently, his rights and possessions in quality of Prince of that Empire.

"In the mean time, until his majesty shall be informed of their sentiments, he has commanded me to state, in his character of Elector of Hanover, he will scrupulously abstain from every act which can be considered as contravening the stipulations contained in the Convention which was concluded on the 3d of June, between the deputies appointed by the Regency of Hanover and the French Government.

"General Mortier was then informed, that in consequence of the refusal of the ratification on the part of the King of England, the Convention of Sublingen was considered as null, as the following letter from Mortier to Walmoden was the consequence of this information.

"I have the honour to inform your Excellency that the First Consul would have approved in its entire contents, the Convention of Sublingen, had the King of England himself consented to ratify it. It is therefore with pain I have to acquaint you that Lord Hawkesbury has informed Citizen Talleyrand that his Britannic Majesty formally refused that ratification.

"Your Excellency will recollect that in 1757, a similar Convention was concluded at Closter Seven, between M. de Richelieu and the Duke of Cumberland, and that the King of England not being disposed to adhere to it, gave orders to his army to recommence hostilities.

"It is to avoid a renewal of the scenes which then took place, that Government charges me to inform your Excellency, that the refusal of his Britannic Majesty annuls the Convention of Sublingen.

"I have empowered general Berthier, chief of the general staff, to communicate to you my proposals. I must insist that your Excellency will have the goodness to give me a categorical answer in the space of twenty-four hours. The army which I have the honour to

command is ready, and waits only for the signal to action."

The subsequent events are thus detailed by the French commander in a letter to his government.

"On the 30th ult. I wrote to Marshal de Walmoden a letter, of which a copy is hereto subjoined. Baron de Bock, colonel in the regiment of guards, waited on me, on his part, the following morning. He told me that the proposal of making his army lay down their arms, for the purpose of being conducted prisoners into France, was of a nature so humiliating, that all of them would rather perish with arms in their hands; that they had made a sufficient sacrifice for their country by the capitulation of Sublingen; that it was now time to do something for their own honour; that their officers and their army were reduced to despair. M. de Bock then represented to me the extreme fidelity with which the Hanoverians had scrupulously executed all the articles of the convention of Sublingen, which concerned them; that their conduct in regard to us was exempt from all reproach, and ought by no means to draw upon them the misfortunes with which I menaced them. I, on my side, recriminated on the perfidy of the King of England, who had refused to ratify the Convention of the 3d of June; that it was the Machiavelian policy of England alone that they had to accuse, and that it was manifest that Government would sacrifice them, as it had always sacrificed its friends on the Continent.

"M. de Bock is a man full of honour and generosity. He said, that if I could make admissible propositions, such as that of sending home a part of the army for six months in rotation, and keeping up a body of 5 or 6000 men in Lunenburg, that he conceived the Marshal might enter into an arrangement with me. My answer was in the negative, and we parted. I had already made every preparation for passing the river. A number of boats collected in the Elbe and the

Esmenan furnished me with abundant means. The enemy occupied a position between Steknitz and Bille.

"The general attack was to have taken place in the night of the 4th. The enemy had got some artillery of a large calibre at Ratzburg, and with this they mounted all the batteries on the Elbe. I had, on my side, erected counter-batteries; my troops were well disposed, and every thing announced a fortunate issue, when M. de Walmoden communicated to me the following propositions.

"Citizen First Consul, the Hanoverian army were reduced to despair, they implored your clemency. I thought that, abandoned by their king, you would treat them with kindness. In the middle of the Elbe I concluded the annexed capitulation with general Walmoden. He signed it with bitterness of heart: you will there see that his army lays down their arms; that his cavalry are to be dismounted, and to put into our hands nearly 4000 excellent horses. The soldiers returning to their homes will devote themselves to the labours of agriculture, and need give us no kind of uneasiness. They will be no longer under the orders of England.

"Health and profound respect,
(Signed) E. MORTIER."

"P. S. It would be difficult to describe to you the situation of the fine regiment of the king of England's guards, at the moment of their dismounting."

"The King of England having refused to ratify the Convention of Sublingen, the First Consul has been obliged to consider that Convention as null. In consequence thereof Lieutenant General Mortier, has agreed to the following capitulation, which shall be executed, without being submitted to the ratification of the two Governments.

Article I. The Hanoverian army shall lay down its arms; they shall be given up with all its artillery, to the French army.

II. All the horses of the Hanoverian cavalry and artillery shall be given up to the French army, by one of the members of the States. A Commissioner, appointed by the commander in chief to that effect, shall be instantly sent to take an account of their state and number.

III. The Hanoverian army shall be disbanded; the troops shall re-pass the Elbe, and withdraw to their respective homes.... They shall previously give their parole not to carry arms against France and her allies until after having been exchanged for those of equal rank by as many French military as may be taken by the English in the course of the present war.

IV. The Hanoverian generals and officers shall retire upon their parole to the places which they may choose for their abode, provided they do not depart from the continent. They shall keep their swords and take away with them their horses, effects, and baggage.

V. There shall be given to the commander in chief of the French army with the least possible delay, a nominal list of all the individuals of whom the Hanoverian army is composed.

VI. The Hanoverian soldiers sent to their respective homes shall not be allowed to wear their uniforms.

VII. They shall be provided with subsistence until their return home, and forage shall also be granted to the horses of the officers.

VIII. The 16th and 17th articles of the Convention of Sublingen shall be applicable to the Hanoverian army.

IX. The French troops shall immediately occupy that part of the Electorate of Hanover situated in the county of Lauenburg.

The Insurrection in Ireland.

The only particulars, of this important event are contained in the following letters from Ireland.

July 24.

"At an early hour yesterday evening, a variety of inflammatory

proclamations were distributed in every part of the town, calling on people to unite as before, in opposition to English oppression, &c. and at so early an hour as eight o'clock, a large party forced into the Lord mayor's, and seized all the arms and pikes, which were in the house, and about ten o'clock a general engagement took place in the neighbourhood of James-street, Thomas-street, and in every part of the liberty. Lord Kilwarden (the chief justice of the king's bench) coming to town about 9 o'clock, was forced out of his carriage in James-street, with his nephew, and were both killed by pikes.

"Col. Brown of the 21st, and a few more officers, and several of the soldiery and yeomen have unfortunately been killed, together with a great number who appear of the very lowest order. But what is the most alarming, is that their plots have been carried on with such secrecy that they are not yet discovered, notwithstanding several persons were taken. Mr. Clark, of Palmerston, cotton manufacturer, was shot on Arran quay, at 8 o'clock in the evening: and it appears there were several parties collecting, in different parts of the town, at a very early hour. The privy council has been sitting at the castle these two hours past, and it is expected martial law will be proclaimed immediately. There are several gallows's erected in different parts of the town, and the executions it is supposed will be innumerable, as there are about one hundred prisoners taken. They do not seem to have any leaders of consequence; the only one taken is a man of the name of M'Cabe, a publican, at whose house about one thousand pikes and six hundred rounds of ball cartridge were found. We have not yet heard of any disturbance in the country, and all the coaches have arrived this morning.

"The situation of the city is most awful. The drums beat to arms at ten o'clock at night and continued to twelve, when almost every citi-

zen was under arms. The engagement continued until four o'clock, and within these two hours two of the 62d regiment have been killed in the neighbourhood of the royal hospital."

July 25.

"On Saturday evening last, government having had intimation that a depot of pikes and other engines of destruction, had been made by a newly organized horde of insurgents in the vicinity of Bridge-foot-street, a detachment of cavalry had been ordered by Gen. Dunn from the barracks, which were joined by a company of yeomen infantry, part of the Liberty Rangers, now under the command of the earl of Meath, arrived at the spot where their instructions directed them, after a skirmish of a few minutes with the populace, in which a few lives were lost, a great number of pikes were found, also several combustibles, parcels of nails, fragments of iron, glass, compost clay, oakum, and other materials.

"With these were discovered a number of deal balk, in pieces of various lengths, from seven to fifteen feet in length, with a circular cavity in each of about three inches diameter, filled with gun-powder, to each aperture was applied a wooden plug, with a handle and vent hole, or receptacle for a fuze appear on the upper surface of the timber about the middle: This machine was supposed to have been intended to aid the projected operations of setting fire to Dublin Barracks.....Several kegs of powder were discovered, with parcels made off our musket balls in each, and a tin tube of about two inches long, through which fire was to have been communicated to whatever vehicle was constructed to discharge them.

A suit of green uniform, with gold epaulets and a splendid embroidery was also found, and several papers, by which the train of operations fixed by these deluded people was discovered and will doubtless be prevented. Among

the melancholy disasters of the night, might be reckoned the murder of Lord Kilwarden, chief justice of the court of king's bench, and the Rev. Arthur Wolfe, his nephew, who accompanied him with the ladies of his lordship's family, in a carriage to town. The wound he received was a large lacerated one in the side, having the appearance of being inflicted by a shot from a blunderbuss.

A privy council have been sitting yesterday at the castle, and did not break up until a late hour last night; a proclamation offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the discovery of the murderers of Lord Kilwarden, and the Rev. Arthur Wolfe, had been issued, upwards of one hundred prisoners had been lodged yesterday, in the new prison, in the barracks. A printed notice from the Lord Mayor and board of magistrates, was yesterday handing about, apprizing all the citizens of Dublin, that from the recent disturbances, they feel it incumbent on them to reinforce the insurrection act, pursuant to which it became penal, during the last rebellion, for any citizen not on military duty, to be out later than eight o'clock in the evening."

August 1.

"We understand that the whole of the plan for insurrection, of which the affair of Saturday night was the commencement, has been developed. A general levy of ten men from every parish in Ireland had been agreed upon by the rebels; these were to form a body of thirty-eight thousand men, who were to make their way to Dublin, as privately as possible, in small bodies, where they were to be supplied with arms, and then to rise *en masse*.

"Lord Kilwarden had been sent for from his country-house, and was on his way to the castle to attend a privy council, when he was murdered.

"An Englishman and his wife, by the name of Cater, coming into town from Naas, the former was

dragged out of the carriage, and piked in several places; but the military appearing at a distance, the rebels left him half dead, after taking from him seven hundred pounds he happened to have in his pockets; he is, however, stated to be in a fair way of recovery.

"In one place in the Liberty was found a large quantity of gun-powder and seven hundred pikes.

"On Sunday morning, the dead bodies of the rebels were taken up in the streets, and a great number of cars were employed in carrying them to the castle-yard for the purpose of having them identified. In the number were several women, who were found with pikes and stones in their hands. One corpse particularly attracted attention. It was the body of an old man, upwards of seventy, a shoe-maker, well known in the liberty. He was bare-footed and bare-legged. He had been shot through the body, and lay upon the ground with a large knife in each hand. The dead bodies appeared to be of the lowest orders of society."

CORK, AUGUST 5.

"The disaffected did not openly avow themselves here. It is well known that their determination was to adopt the same rebellious proceedings as their brethren in Dublin. The greatest exertions are making here by the magistracy, yeomanry, &c. to prevent surprise. Many men of good property are become inhabitants of our prisons, which are well guarded....among these are the two Drianes, one of whom is said to be worth two hundred thousand pounds; Simon Donaven, and Todd Jones, of the North, whom I before mentioned; Dr. Callahan and his son, of Glognakelty; no relation whatever to the worthy physician of this city; a Mr. Buck,

from the West, who had been for some time agent to Arthur O'Connor, and a Mr. Finn. It does not follow because these persons are taken up, that they are guilty; but consistently with the conduct of the present mild government, their conduct will be fairly investigated, and none but the guilty will suffer.

"The insurrection in Ireland is stated to be completely quelled. This however is a point that still remains questionable: At best we suspect the flame is only smothered for a season.

"Papers have fallen into the hands of government, from which we learn that the combination has been augmenting for at least eight months, and arranged with the most systematic attention. A provincial government had been projected, which was to resign its functions as soon as a regular system of legislation should be adopted.

"A manifesto has also been discovered, written in a very impressive style, setting forth the oppressions which the people of Ireland had long suffered, explaining their equal rights as men and citizens, the injustice of their being forced into an union with Great Britain, by which they sustained nothing but disadvantage, and the propriety of their rising up like one man, throwing off the yoke by which they were galled, separating from the country to which they were chained, and establishing themselves as an independent nation.

"It is stated, that the plans of the insurgents were so well constructed, the attack on the castle having been arranged by midnight, that had it been concealed till that time, it might have been successful. But the distribution of arms taking place in the evening followed by intoxication, occasioned a premature discovery."

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

LONDON, MAY 10.

Saturday, between one and two o'clock, a most alarming fire broke out on the roof of the tower on the centre of Westminster Abbey. The accident arose from the scandalous negligence of the journeymen plumbers employed at present on the necessary repairs of the roof, who left their melting pot in an improper state. The catastrophe likely to be the result of such a conflagration occasioned a sensation in the public mind, which every one may readily conceive. The Abbey is the depository of the remains of many of our sovereigns, and of many of our most illustrious and celebrated countrymen and countrywomen, as well as of the *chef d'œuvres* of our national skill in the art of sculpture; endeared to the public mind by so many valuable and exalted considerations, it became the object of universal anxiety. As in too many other cases, so here, water could not be had for nearly two hours after the fire commenced, in any quantity sufficient for the working of the engines. But, when it was procured in abundance, after the utter exhaustion of all the water-tubs and cisterns in the neighbourhood, it was used with great effect, and before six o'clock all entirely disappeared. We were extremely happy, on inspecting the state of the cathedral carefully, after the flames were extinguished, to find so little injury sustained. What damage was done in the interior, was occasioned by the burning of the roof of the tower (which communicates to the grand arches of wood-work which appear to support it from the inside), the fall of which, by its violence, and by the communication of the flames, destroyed a considerable portion of the seats and ornaments of the choir. It has been generally supposed that the whole roofing of the arches of the church was of masonry; but our

readers will recollect that the church was greatly repaired about a century ago, under the direction of the great Sir C. Wren, when a considerable part of the roof was replaced by carpentry, to save the expenses. This tower was then intended as the basement of a magnificent spire, with which that architect had designed to decorate this noble and august temple of British valour and wisdom. The exertions of every description of persons emphatically demand the unqualified praise of a British Journalist. Every one seemed to feel the fire in Westminster Abbey, as a common public concern. The soldiers in the neighbourhood, the Westminster scholars, the clergy, the volunteers, the lowest classes, vied together in the earnestness of their efforts to stop the progress of devastation. The corps of St. Margaret and St. John maintained the most perfect order and regularity, both within and without the Abbey, during the whole of this most serious affair. We were extremely happy to find some of the most distinguished members of parliament taking the lead, and sharing all the dangers and difficulties of the firemen in their endeavours; among them Mr. Windham was very conspicuous. Nothing escaped his activity, which was such that one could hardly distinguish his clothes from those of a common labourer after the bustle was over, in consequence of his exertions. Lord Westmoreland, the lord Chancellor and the dukes of Gloucester and Norfolk, likewise attended.

We must conclude this account by congratulating the public on the speedy termination of a calamity, which, had it happened at night, would not only have consumed the choir and organ, but likewise all the valuable antiquities of a combustible nature in the Abbey; and have defaced the fairest productions of our

science and skill, as well as have inflicted the keenest wounds on the feelings of the relations of all the brave and great who are there commemorated. The damage sustained, may perhaps be estimated at four or five thousand pounds.

A measure, in which the trade and navigation of this country (Great Britain) are incalculably interested, received last night the most willing concurrence of a committee of the House of Commons. On the motion of Mr. Hawkins Browne, in the committee of supply, twenty thousand pounds were granted towards making a navigable canal through the Highlands of Scotland from sea to sea. The extent is fifty-nine miles, twenty of which are occupied by lakes of unfathomable depth. The remaining are to be twenty feet deep, and of a proportionable breadth, so that ships of the line may pass from the Baltic to the British channel.

This would obviate all the difficulties of going round about by the Shetland and Orkney Isles; a passage of fourteen days in the calmest weather, and which in the windy season is rarely effected in less than three months: while, by the proposed canal, the passage in the most unfavourable weather, will not occupy more than twelve days, and frequently little more than half that period. It is calculated, that the whole expense of this canal will not exceed the loss sustained by shipwrecks in the present course of navigation in five years.

School for Deaf and Dumb. At the London tavern, on Thursday, March 30, a respectable and numerous company of gentlemen met to celebrate the anniversary of this institution, Sir Thomas Turton, baronet, one of the vice-presidents in the chair. After dinner, the Stewards, preceded by the Rev. Mr. Mason, as secretary, introduced the children (forty-seven in number) at present under a course of instruction in language, writing, arithmetic, mechanic arts, morals and religion, who produced specimens of their writing, &c. and some

of them recited a few lines prepared for the occasion, with distinctness and emphasis, far surpassing the expectations of those who heard them, demonstrating to the most credulous, that the naturally deaf and dumb are here taught speech, so as to render it an intelligible vehicle of their thoughts.

The *Chairman* announced from the best authority, that the funds are as yet unequal to relieve the numerous candidates for admission into an asylum, where alone there is relief for them. The impression made upon the company by these observations, and the scene they had just witnessed, produced some handsome donations and many annual subscriptions.

The parish of Presteign, in Radnorshire, in Wales, embraces a circle of nineteen miles. The burials, on an average of seven years are only twenty-six persons a year; and births for the same time forty-two. And of the burials, upwards of eighteen of the twenty-six, were of persons from eighty to one hundred years old.

Domestic incidents on board the American frigate New-York.

April 25th, 1803, off Sardinia.... early in the morning the gunner's mate had been returning the signal lanthorns into the gunner's store-room, as usual, and also the match which is kept burning during the night. He returned, and the gunner went immediately down into the cock-pit, and it seems took a light into the store-room to see if every thing was properly secured, when from the snuff of the candle or otherwise, fire was communicated to a considerable quantity of powder, upwards of an hundred weight. The explosion took place precisely at three o'clock, those in the cock-pits suffered beyond conception though most of them have survived it. The gunner, Morrill, died the following night and also a boy named Hamilton. Mr. Shults died in about thirty-six hours. Burrior, captain's clerk, died since our arrival here (Malta). Dr.

Weems is yet ill, though recovering fast, as are likewise Mr. Alexis, midshipman, Kennedy, purser's steward, and M'Gee, marine. Mr. Lewis, midshipman, and Mr. Israel well. The explosion blew the gun deck and quarter deck hatches upstarted the gun magazine, ward-room, and cabin bed heads. Exertion alone saved us. The fire was extinguished in one hour.

GEORGE-TOWN, AUG. 10, 1803.

The fatal effects of the flux which rages with the utmost violence in this and the neighbouring counties, exhibits a very distressing scene; upwards of five hundred persons, it is thought, within a few weeks, have been swept off; and in some parts more than two-thirds of families have fallen a prey to this depopulating disorder.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 17.

Two Indians were lately killed in Montgomery county by a white man, the particulars as far as has come within our knowledge, are; the white man was hunting and happened to fall in with an Indian campthe Indians appeared not very friendly, he left them....he had not went far on his way, when he saw two of the Indians a-head, and both taking aim at him, their guns flashed, the white man fired and killed one, and ran upon the other and dispatched him with the butt of his gun....It is said the white man has given himself up.

FORT NIAGARA, AUG. 17.

I have just seen a British officer from Fort George, who informs me that they have discovered a conspiracy that was to have taken place among the soldiers of that garrison this evening...their intentions were to have murdered the whole of the officers, burnt the garrison, and to have fled to the United States. This is a battalion of the forty-ninth Irish regiment, about one hundred and fifty in number; the principals are sent to York, where an example will be made of them. Had they offered to come within reach of our

cannon they would have met with a warm reception.

Further information states, that there are a number of letters found with them from inhabitants of this state, offering them assistance and protection, should they prove successful. Does this not shew the rascality of Demos?

LOUISVILLE, AUG. 25.

An expedition is expected to leave this place shortly, under the direction of Capt. William Clark and Mr. Lewis, (private secretary to the President) to proceed through the immense wilderness of Louisiana to the Western or Pacific ocean. The particular objects of this undertaking are at present matters of conjecture only; but we have good reason to believe, that our government intend to encourage settlements, and establish sea ports, on the coast of the Pacific ocean, which would not only facilitate our whaling and sealing voyages, but enable our enterprising merchants to carry on a more direct and rapid trade with China and the East Indies.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, AUG. 23.

This day at twelve o'clock a duel was fought by Samuel Howard and Joseph Welcher, Esqrs. The subject of dispute arose in the city council, of which they were both members. Howard was dangerously wounded by being shot through the belly. He fell on the spot, and was supposed to be dead....He has been brought to town, his wounds examined, and it is expected he will recover. George D. Sweet was Howard's, and George M. Thromp, Welcher's second. The place of action was the Jews burying ground.

ELIZABETH-TOWN, (M.) AUG. 31.

On Wednesday the 24th, *Peter Light*, of Sharpsburgh, was arraigned at the bar of Washington county court, for making counterfeit dollars, and after a fair and impartial trial, was found *guilty*. On Thursday following, he was sentenced to be whipt, pillored and cropt

....which sentence was accordingly put into execution by the sheriff.

PORTSMOUTH, (N. H.) AUG. 27.

Sporting, or hunting the bear.... A grand bear hunt is proposed on the third Wednesday in October next, in the grand forest in Derryfield and Chester; which will be conducted by surrounding the whole desert, and marching in a regular manner to the centre thereof, in order to enclose all the wild game in the woods. Any gentleman disposed to divert himself with a day's fatigue, is invited to repair to one of the places of rendezvous, on the morning of said day, at eight o'clock, equipt with a good gun, powder and ball, provisions, canteen, &c.

The above forest has been time out of mind, and now is an asylum for and a habitation of a swarm of bears, wolves, and other beasts of prey, which have been hunted by small parties, without success. Bears are almost daily seen, and make frequent depredations on young cattle and sheep, and have become a serious evil to the inhabitants residing near the premises.

In several parts of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New-Hampshire, the dysentery, and other diseases prevail to a very afflicting degree. Many villages experience, in proportion to their relative numbers, a mortality much greater than any of our devoted cities, by the fever.

On the 28th, the barn of Henry P. Moore, of Poughkeepsie, in N. E. town was destroyed by fire, together with the whole of his summer crop of grain and hay. Also a sleigh, fanning-mill, &c. &c. The barn was purposely set on fire by a boy who lived with Mr. Moore, by the name of Peter Canady. He is lodged in gaol and confessed the fact to a number of persons.

Philadelphia....On Wednesday night, August 30, between ten and eleven o'clock, a fire broke out in the chemical laboratory of Mr. Hunter, in Second, below Walnut street. It consumed a part of the building,

and destroyed materials and apparatus to a considerable amount.

New York....The circumstances which have come to our knowledge, respecting the reported embezzlement of money by a person in the service of the Manhattan company, are these: In consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Hunn (one of the tellers) and the absence of the first book-keeper, the situation of temporary teller, on Saturday the 27th ult. devolved upon Mr. Benjamin Brower, who had been received into the bank with very respectable recommendations, and at that time filled the office of second book-keeper to the entire satisfaction of the Directors, whose opinion of his integrity was highly flattering.

On the day above mentioned, Mr. Brower received, in his capacity of teller, upwards of seventy thousand dollars. The money delivered by him to the cashier, in the evening, at the closing of the accounts, fell ten thousand dollars short of this sum; but as the money and the written statement of receipts had been made to correspond in the sum total, no suspicions of fraud were entertained. Mr. Brower was absent from the bank on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday following; still, from the general tenor of his former conduct, and from the sickly state of the city, no one entertained a sentiment injurious to his reputation, or supposed his absence occasioned by any other circumstance than some derangement in his own health, or the health of his family.

The adjustment of the accounts of the bank, preparatory to its removal to Greenwich, took place on Wednesday evening, the 31st, when a deficiency to the amount above stated, was discovered; "and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack."

An inquiry was immediately instituted respecting Mr. Brower. The result was, that he had left the city on Sunday, with his family; but no person could give information to what part of the country he had absconded. Messengers were dispatched, in different directions, in

search of him ; but, we understand, all their vigilance has hitherto been unsuccessful.

The Manhattan Company have offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his apprehension, and ten per cent. upon such part of the embezzled property as may be recovered.

TRENTON, AUGUST 29.

On Monday evening last a daring robbery was committed on the person of a Dutch gentleman from Surinam, in the upper part of this township, by a person of the name of Zebulon Phares. The gentleman had lately come into the country for the benefit of his health, and was on his way to the state of New-York, in the mail stage, where Phares came across him ; who, after introducing himself by familiar conversation, very kindly invited the gentleman to spend a day or two at his house, which, he said, was near Trenton, to which the gentleman, after some hesitation, consented. On crossing the Delaware, they left the stage together, and walked five or six miles into the country, when coming into a piece of woods in a by place, Phares caught the gentleman by the throat, and demanded his money, which he compelled him to give up, together with a number of trifling articles which he had about him, and a few pieces of wearing apparel. With these he immediately left the gentleman, and disappeared in the woods. The gentleman sought an asylum in the first house he could find, which was that of Mr. Israel Moore, where he lodged that night. On the following morning a warrant was issued by Andrew Reeder, Esquire, for the apprehension of the perpetrator, and by the activity of the people of the neighbourhood he was taken in the course of the day, and a number of the articles found upon him alleged to have been stolen ; he was of course committed to Flemington goal to take his trial at the next court of Oyer and Terminer.

BOSTON, AUG. 30.

Fire at Nahant.

On the 27th inst. midnight, the inhabitants of Lynn were alarmed with the cry of fire. On awaking from their slumbers, the awfully distressing spectacle of Johnson's Hotel at Nahant, enveloped in flames, presented itself to their view, which, in a short period was entirely consumed. So rapid was the conflagration, that the family escaped only with their lives, not being able to preserve the smallest article of furniture, or even of raiment.

SEPT. 1.

Came on before the hon. John Sloss Hobart, judge of the court of the United States for this district, the trial of a young man of the name of William H. Burridge, lately employed in the post-office of this city. The charge was published some time since....it was that of purloining a letter, enclosing bank notes to the amount of 800 dollars, the property of Mr. John D. Martin. He pleaded guilty to the indictment.

The punishment was mitigated on account of the youth and contrition of the delinquent ; he was sentenced to thirty stripes, and to six months imprisonment.

It is of use to observe, that the crime of letter-stealing is one of the laws of the United States consider highly atrocious, and treat with great severity. For the first offence the punishment in extent is thirty-nine lashes and ten years imprisonment ; but a second conviction of robbing the mail, is punished with death.

The following is the quantity of flour inspected in Fredericksburg, (Virg.) from the 1st of September, 1802, until the same date 1803, viz.

Superfine.....	41,627
Fine.....	12,944
X Middlings.....	1,461

Total....56,032

NEW-BRUNSWICK, SEPT. 1.

The following unfortunate circumstance happened at Matchipo-

nix, Middlesex county, on Sunday morning last... A well had been dug the week before on a farm belonging to Mr. Cornelius Johnson, fifty-one feet deep. On the morning above-mentioned, Samuel Garritson, a tenant on the place, who dug the well, attempted, with the assistance of his son, to let down his son-in-law, William Brown, in a bucket, who, when he had descended about twenty feet, called to those above to lower away; a few moments after which they discovered that he had fallen out of the bucket to the bottom of the well.... upon which Mr. Garritson was let down by his wife and son to the assistance of his son-in-law; when he had got down about the same distance, he also called out to lower away; he also fell out of the bucket when within about six feet of the bottom: a trial was then made with a lighted candle, which went out after it descended ten feet, and no person dare go down to their relief. Garritson continued to groan for more than half an hour, but there was no possibility of getting him out; they were afterwards taken up by grapplings and their remains interred. Thus were two honest, industrious and respectable men, snatched from their families and connexions, in the least expected.

Philadelphia..... The increasing and growing wealth of our country, must be evident to the most common observer who will view the surprising increase of our cities and villages within a few years, and the change that has taken place in the whole face of the country, including many new and extensive settlements, in parts that were lately wilderness.

As an evidence of the monied wealth of Philadelphia alone, there have been lately established two new Insurance Companies, and a Bank, which will together embrace a sum of nearly two millions of dollars.

Under these circumstances, and as the welfare of agriculture and commerce mutually depend on each

other, and as there is a competition between the states of New-York and Maryland, for a participation in the trade of Pennsylvania, would it not be good policy in our citizens to endeavour to promote an union of town and country capital. for the improvement of water carriage and roads generally, either by a new establishment for that purpose, or by engrafting an increased capital and plan on some one of those already existing, with the consent of the present stockholders.

This would produce a concert of measures, that might doubtless be highly beneficial to the whole trade.

We are told that a fund and institution of a private nature, somewhat of the kind proposed, is in contemplation by a company of landholders, for the improvement of their back lands. Whatever may be proposed in this way, is no doubt intended to be done with the approbation of the legislature, and will be something more solid, than the wild schemes of the extravagant landjobbers of 1794 and 1795.

NEWBERN, SEPT. 2.

On Wednesday last, this town was visited by the most violent storm of wind and rain, which has been experienced in many years. The day before, the appearance of the weather was extremely threatening; and about three o'clock in the morning of Wednesday it became alarming. Many persons who had property on the wharves, saved it, but notwithstanding every precaution great damage was done. The greatest sufferers on this occasion were Mr. Thomas Turner, and Mr. John Harvey; the former had his warehouses carried off, which were filled with pork, and other articles of value, and the latter, we learn, lost about sixteen hundred bushels of salt, &c. Several vessels which attempted to go up the river, ran ashore, and it will be with great difficulty that some of them will be got off.

The storm began about three o'clock in the morning, with the wind at N. E. and continued with increased fury, till about 4 o'clock in the evening, when the wind shifted to the westward, and checked its havoc. It is supposed, that the water rose about nine feet perpendicular. A small negro girl was drowned.

SEPT. 7.

In the late storm there have been five vessels cast away in Edenton Sound, and none of the crews saved. There have been six dead bodies taken up, that floated on the beach, and some casks of wine; the latter belonged to Robert Armistead of this place, and was shipped at Norfolk, but we know nothing more of the vessels, than that the hulls are seen floating about. There are some women's as well as men's clothes found floating. We have not heard from the bar yet, but it is thought there are a great many vessels cast away there."

Frederick County, Sept. 4, 1803.

On Friday, the 2d inst. a most daring murder and robbery were committed on the main road from Strasburg, (Virginia) to Staunton. From the papers found about the body of the person murdered, he is supposed to be from Philadelphia; his name is William C. Simonton, or Simmerton; he rode in a chair which is marked on the back with the letter S. The chair was drawn by a bay horse, on whom no brand was perceivable. The property left by the atrocious murderer, and found about the body of the deceased, is all secured....it consists of one hundred and forty-five dollars in bank notes, four dollars in silver, and four and a half pence; a box of medicines, and some wearing apparel. It appears that he was travelling to the Sweet or Warm Springs. It would, perhaps, be an act of benevolence to have the contents of this letter inserted in the public prints, in order that the relations of the deceased may know his unfortunate fate, and get the property which he has left.

Being in Shenandoah county on Friday evening last, I was informed that a most atrocious murder and robbery had been committed on the body of a travelling gentleman, a little above Stoverstown, on the main road. Impelled by curiosity as well as duty, I rode with several gentlemen to view the body, early on yesterday morning.

Upon examination, we found that he had received a violent blow upon the head, just above the left ear.... the contusion was as large as the palm of a man's hand. There were several other wounds on the head, and a bruise on the breast. The attack was made about nine o'clock, A. M. not more than two hundred and seventy paces from Mr. Jacob Snapp's, and he expired about twelve. He was found weltering in his blood, a few minutes after, by two Germans; when they came up, they inquired "what was the matter?" He replied, "that he had been robbed by a negro or mulatto man," and immediately fainted. One of these strangers ran to Mr. Snapp's, whilst the other remained with him. The alarm was immediately given, and notice sent to P. Spangler, a magistrate, who made use of every exertion to discover the perpetrator of this horrid crime, but without effect. Two persons are suspected, one a mulatto fellow, who, it appears, was travelling towards Rockingham, and lives at Holker's plantation, in this county; the other calls himself James Scott, a free mulatto, who has lived some time near Middletown. Pursuit was made after the first, but, by the information of some travellers, it appears, the fellow had left the road, and was not taken early yesterday morning. Scott was apprehended on suspicion, examined before two magistrates, and committed to jail: I however incline to think he is not guilty, and that it is more probable that the first mentioned fellow committed the murder. He is said to be a tall dark mulatto, stoops much in his walk, blind of an eye, and was

dressed in coarse linen clothes; carried a budget, and a large club. The stick with which the murder was committed, was a dead hickory. It was found near the deceased, with the hair remaining to the big end from the violence of the blow. I am informed the above described fellow, was noticed to have used such a club as a walking-stick.

I requested to examine the papers in the pocket-book of the deceased, and found one hundred and forty-five dollars in bank notes, and four dollars and six cents in silver. It appears that his name was William C. Simonton; and that a commission of bankruptcy had issued against him in Philadelphia, in December last; that he was in a declining state of health, and on his way to the Sweet-Springs. It is highly probable that the assassin missed his object, and that he was routed before he could plunder his victim. He took nothing but a trunk, which was lashed behind the chair in which he travelled, probably containing nothing but clothing.

S. KERBEVAL.

N. B. An inquest was taken on the body, before Capt. Spangler's, yesterday, and the jury pronounced it a most atrocious, wilful, and malicious murder, perpetrated by the hand of a mulatto man, by the information of the deceased, but by which particular person was not known to the jurors.

SEPT. 8.

The foundation stone of St. John's Church, which is to be erected on the east side of Hudson-square, was laid by the right rev. Bishop Moore, in the presence of the members of the corporation of Trinity Church, the workmen who are to be employed in the building, and many spectators who attended on the occasion. The ceremony of laying the stone was succeeded by a short address by Bishop Moore; and the whole solemnity was concluded by prayer for the divine benediction on their present undertaking.

NORFOLK, SEPT. 8.

Tuesday came on the trial of negroes George and Charity, before the magistrates of Princess Ann county, under a charge of attempting to poison the whole of the white family of Thomas Lawson, Esq. of said county; the charge being fully proven, they were condemned to be hanged on the seventh of October next.

The negro fellow advertised in the late papers as a runaway, and committed to the jail of this borough under the name of John (but whose real name is Peter) was yesterday delivered to a guard of citizens from Gates county, North-Carolina, to take his trial for the murder of a young man in the employ of Mr. Daniel Southall at Gates county court-house, about eight weeks since. He was outlawed by the government of that state, and a reward of seven hundred dollars offered for apprehending him and another black man, who is not yet taken.

NEW-YORK, SEPT. 9.

This morning about half past four o'clock a fire broke out in the bake-house of Simon Frazer, in Cliff near John street, which before it was extinguished destroyed eleven front and four back buildings, four of which were brick. In consequence of the deserted state of the city, and particularly in that neighbourhood, the fire had made great progress before a sufficient number of firemen and citizens were collected to arrest its progress. Fortunately it was a perfect calm or its ravages might have spread destruction to a much greater extent. Many families have lost their all....several of the occupants had removed to the country. We have not learnt all the names of the sufferers....The following are among them: Simon Frazer, bake-house; Mr. M'Kee, brick-house, grocer, corner of John and Cliff-streets; Mr. Bukee, cooper, dwelling-house, Cliff-street; Michael Bloomer, pilot, dwelling-house, corner of Cliff-street; Mr.

Cairnes, chair-maker, Cliff-street; W. Kersheitt, silver-smith, John-street; Mr. M'Cleod, dwelling-house, Cliff-street; Widow Baily, dwelling-house, do. Dr. Fargures, dwelling-house, in John-street; Mr. Hazlet, chair-maker's shop, do.

On Wednesday evening last, as one of the hearse-men was entering the alms-house gate his attention was attracted by a bundle, which on examination he found to contain an infant mulatto child. He took it into the alms-house, and also an old negro woman who was near the spot, and who appeared from her actions to entertain no little concern for its fate. Great pains were taken to induce her to disclose the author of so brutal and unfeeling an act, but to no purpose. The child is about a week old, and was very abundantly supplied with cloathing.

September 13.

About eight o'clock, a smoke was discovered bursting out of the windows of the house lately occupied by Mr. Kelso, No. eighty-four, Fair-street. On entering the house a straw bed was found on fire in the middle of the floor of the lower room, and in a few minutes the house would have been enveloped in the flames. It has been evacuated for three weeks past by Mr. Kelso's family, and there remains no doubt of its being the work of some incendiary.

Frost has been known in Hudson every month in the year excepting July: and a few days past was perceived in the vicinity of this city to have damaged some vegetables.

FISHKILL, SEPT. 12

On Monday evening last, myself and Underhill Budd, of Philipstown, discovered one Nathaniel Searls, who had passed two counterfeit dollars in said Budd's store. We immediately pursued and took the fellow before esqrs. Neilson and Horton, and on interrogating him, he brought out four others, whom we also pursued and took, and on Tuesday evening we committed three of

them to jail at Poughkeepsie, but Nathaniel Searls and his brother Joseph Searls unfortunately made their escape. Nathaniel is about five feet three or four inches high, light complexion and light hair; had on a light blue coat, red and brownish striped vest, and I think wears his hair tied. Joseph is about five feet six inches high. I cannot give a particular description of him, as he made his escape while I was securing the principal coiner in his chamber. After Mr. Budd and myself with a number of respectable citizens descended a cave of about sixty feet, three quarters of a mile east of John Warrens in the high-lands, we had the good luck to discover and take a pair of bellows, and all the implements and contrivances those villains made use of for coining dollars, with a number of dollars. A reward of fifty dollars will be paid with reasonable charges for securing both the said Searls, and confining them in jail or delivering them to the authority in Dutchess county.

N. B. It is supposed they will go to the Neversink, or lurk in the mountainous country, in Smith's Cove.

THOMAS PALMER.

WINCHESTER, Sept. 13.

Scott, the mulatto fellow, who was committed to Shenandoah county jail, on suspicion of murdering and robbing William C. Simmerton, has partly confessed to be the perpetrator of that crime, by giving information where he had concealed those articles of clothing &c. of which he had robbed Mr. S. and search having been made accordingly, found its statement to be correct.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 23.

This day the sun entered the sign of Libra; at the same time the planets Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and the Georgian planet or Herschel, are also in Libra; Venus and Saturn are both in the twenty-fourth degree of Virgo, but six degrees distant from the sun. Thus all the planets are nearly in conjunction

with the sun, at the same period that the sun crosses the line. Many years must elapse before a similar occurrence can take place. It is worthy of attention whether this singular phenomenon will produce any material effect on the weather.

August 29.

Interments in the different burying grounds of this city, for the week ending this morning at sun rise.

Drowned,	1
Cramp in the stomach,	1
Casualty,	1
Consumption,	2
Croup,	1
Intemperance,	1
Bilious fever,	1
Dropsy,	1
Hooping cough,	1
Worms,	1
Mumps,	1
Teething,	2
Fits,	2
Still-born,	2
Hives,	1
Cholera,	17
Diseases unknown,	2
Adults,	5
Children,	33
	—
	38

September 5.

Consumption,	3
Old age,	2
Hemorrhage,	1
Sudden death,	1
Bilious fever,	1
Worms,	3
Fits,	1
Still-born,	1
Mumps,	1
Disease unknown,	1
Cholera,	15
Adults,	8
Children,	21
	—
	29

September 12.

Old age,	1
Dropsy,	1
Cramp in the stomach,	1
Sudden death,	1
Bilious fever,	2
Fits,	2

Teething,	2
Hooping cough,	1
Diseases unknown,	2
Adults,	8
Children,	12
	—
	20

CARLISLE, PENN. SEPT. 17.

At a court of oyer and terminer, held in this town last week, came on the trial of John and James Carothers, for manslaughter, in taking the life of James Carothers, senr. The trial commenced on Friday morning, and lasted until Saturday evening; the Jury after remaining about an hour, returned a verdict, "Not Guilty."

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 8.

Number of interments in the burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the month of August last, viz.

	Adul.	Chil.
1 Christ church	5	10
2 St. Peter's	3	3
3 St. Paul's	1	3
4 German Lutheran,	8	18
5 German Presbyterian,	3	9
6 Society of Friends,	5	13
7 St. Mary's,	5	12
8 Holy Trinity,	3	7
9 First Presbyterian,	1	3
10 Second do.	1	6
11 Third do.	4	7
12 Fourth do.	1	4
13 Scotch do.	0	5
14 Associate do.	0	1
15 Moravian,	0	1
16 Swedes,	0	8
17 Methodist,	1	2
18 Society of Free Quakers,	6	3
19 Baptists,	1	2
20 Universalists,	0	0
21 Jews,	0	0
22 African Episcopalians,	1	2
23 African Methodists,	1	3
24 Kensington Burial Ground,	2	103
25 Coats's Burial Ground,	0	0
26 Public Burial Ground,	30	50
	—	—
Totals,	122	182
<i>Of the above died of</i>		
Bilious fever		6
Childbed		2

Consumption	17
Cholic	1
Decay	5
Dropsy	4
Fever	5
Fits	15
Flux	9
Gout in the stomach	2
Hooping cough	4
Killed	4
Lunacy	1
Mortification	3
Palsy	1
Pleurisy	1
Purging and vomiting	65
Still-born	2
Teeth and worms	10
Sore throat	2
Drowned and other casualties	13
Diseases not mentioned	*120
Total	294

* Of this number fifty-three were orders from the Alms House, and three from the Pennsylvania Hospital.

The number of deaths in the present year, contrasted with the deaths which occurred in the same months of 1802.

	1802.			1803.		
	Adults.	Chil.	Tot.	Ads.	Ch.	Tot.
Jan.	142	75	217	68	42	110
Feb.	110	60	170	76	35	111
March	100	47	147	66	41	107
April	90	58	148	75	41	116
May	82	59	141	69	41	110
June	96	67	163	78	64	142
July	129	132	261	78	127	205
August	109	153	262	112	182	294
Totals	858	651	1509	622	573	1195

Extract from the correspondence of an American Traveller in France.
BORDEAUX, JUNE 23, 1798.

IN my last, I gave you an account of some of the melancholy occurrences which took place during the revolution; I have now to describe some of those republican institutions, by which the Directory expect to make amends to the people for all the evils which accompanied this great political event. I this day witnessed one of their public fetes, called the fete of agriculture, which

is celebrated on this day, as being the first of their month of *Messidor*, or the harvest-month. The name of *Messidor* applied to this month shews that the usual harvest-month of France is from the 23d of June to the 23d of July, which is earlier, I believe, by a full month than the harvest in England. This fete consisted of municipal officers, adorned with tri-coloured scarfs, marching in a procession, in the centre of which was a chariot drawn by oxen. In this chariot, which was covered and decorated with green boughs, twisted together to form a shade, were seated four old farmers, having ears of corn in their hats. This procession was attended by the military of Bordeaux, of which there are not more than 500 in this large city.

When the procession stopped in the public gardens, the military paraded round the chariot, and the band played the different republican airs. The lower orders of the people are mightily pleased with these processions and fetes, while the higher orders seem to despise them as mountebank mummary, and the foppery of republicanism. The government, however, considers these institutions in the most serious light; they hope from them to attach the passions and pleasures of the people to the republican cause, and to republican ideas. With this view, they give them many republican holidays, set off with republican pomp and republican music.

These kind of holidays have, I believe, never been introduced before in any country. I remember nothing like them in ancient or modern history; if we except the annual rejoicings of the Egyptians on the retiring of the waters of the Nile, and the annual custom of the Emperor of China holding the plough, as an example to his subjects, and as a mark of respect to the first of arts. It appears to me, that the idea of these national holidays was first suggested to the French philosophers and *literati* by

Marmontel, in his historical romance called the *Incas of Peru*. The Peruvians are there represented as having annual feasts of the sun; fetes for youth, for marriage, and for old age. The Directory have instituted annual fetes for youth, and fetes for old age; and as for marriages, having seen their republican marriages, I think the subject too important to pass it over without a particular description.

I was in the cathedral last *Décade* (which is the republican sabbath) and saw ten or twelve couple married. A part of the church was inclosed for the purpose, with seats at each side, and an altar at the extremity, to which one must ascend by steps. Upon the altar lay a basket of flowers, most of them the common flowers of the fields; at one side sat the brides and their female friends, all in white, with garlands of white flowers (natural or artificial) on their heads, the same in their bosoms; at the other side sat the bridegrooms and the male friends. The inclosure was taken up exclusively by the parties to be married and their friends; but from the outside of the inclosure, I saw distinctly what passed within. After the company had been some time seated, the noise of the fife and drum at the church door, and the display of military standards, announced the arrival of the municipal officers. The appearance was not much superior to that of constables of the watch in England: they were distinguished by tricoloured scarfs, and wore their hats on during the ceremony, which is considered by the law as a mere civil contract.

Every couple knew the order that they were to go up in to the altar. At the signal, which is given by the roll of a drum, the first couple, with two or three friends on either side, who attended as witnesses, went up to the altar and signed the marriage contract; they then descended, and signed their names in two more books or registers, which lay upon

a table in the centre of the inclosure.

They then salute the municipal officer; and a short republican hymn, appropriate to the occasion, is sung. That couple then retires from the church with their friends, and another roll of the drum gives the signal to the second couple to come forward, and go through the same ceremonies. With such a display of military standards and military music, you would almost suppose, that the government meant to consider marriage as a *military* institution; but the real cause is, that, of all shews, a military shew is the least expensive, and government wishes to have as much shew as possible at a small cost. Before the ceremony had begun, I particularly noticed among the females, who were within the inclosure, one of about nineteen years of age, who peculiarly attracted my attention by the superior fineness of her form and eyes, and the great degree of sensibility and soul which marked her countenance, which was noble and interesting in the extreme.

She was, of all the females within the inclosure, the most carelessly dressed, not having the usual ornaments of flowers in her hair. She was so remarkably unadorned (except by nature), that I rather wondered at her coming to this feast without a wedding-garment. For a considerable time she seemed easy and careless, but a roll of the drum (awful to her as the last trumpet) seemed to harrow up her whole soul; she stood up, burst into tears, and dropped down again upon her seat. It was with the utmost difficulty that she could be supported to the altar, where she stood drowned in tears, and hardly knowing where she was, or what was passing. From the men's side of the inclosure there hobbled out an old *fournisseur*, or contractor of the army of Italy, who was to be her spouse. Then what there was before of mystery in her deep affliction became apparent; then one could trace her sorrow to its secret source, where it lay con-

cealed among the warm wishes and natural desires of a young heart, formed for enjoying and communicating perfect happiness.

She went to the church, and was sacrificed at the altar, in obedience to the advice of friends (which has more weight with the girls here than in England); but, when arrived at the altar, she could no longer govern her affliction, or restrain her tears. I have seen different executions, and have, in different countries, witnessed very barbarous military punishments, but never did I see any thing more affecting than this human sacrifice of a forced marriage.

The old *fournisseur* was so stupid as to appear quite insensible of the great aversion of his young bride, and to consider her tears and agony as the mere common effects of youthful bashfulness and maiden modesty. In France, the unmarried girls have usually not so much liberty as in England, while the married women take more: this makes young girls impatient to be married; and, when marriages are made without much previous acquaintance, and without mutual affection, in a country where gallantry is somewhat the fashion, husbands must be prepared for the consequences. This, I believe, is a principal cause which gives the French woman the reputation of being rather loose in respect to the point of female honour. I am convinced, that when they are united to a man from choice and their own inclination, they are as affectionate and agreeable companions as any in the world, as constant, and as much attached, as ready to share his fortunes, and to make any sacrifices or exertions for his interest. There are many persons here, who are not content with a republican marriage, but get themselves also privately married by a priest, according to the forms of the Catholic religion. This not only satisfies every conscientious scruple, but makes the marriage binding in case of a counter-revolution, which is a case, as

they consider, by no means impossible.

The people here are, at present, very much divided between *Decade* and Sunday: government will not allow the shops to be shut on Sundays, as they consider that a direct opposition to the republican calendar, which will not admit of the Christian era. The people, on the other hand, will not shut their shops on *Decades*, or voluntarily acquiesce in the new calendar. The consequence of this opposition is, that the Bordeaux shopkeeper keeps no holiday, or day of rest, and drudges the whole year round.

I have seen the celebrated Barrere, who appears very publicly here, and is much respected on account of his private character, notwithstanding the places he held in the Committee of Public Safety. He is a smart well-looking little man; his air and manners easy and genteel, his complexion, hair, and eyes dark, and his countenance expressive of sensibility and imagination. The government must have connived at his escape from prison, or he would not venture to appear so publicly. Drouet, the celebrated post-master of Varennes, who stopped the royal family, and afterwards was taken prisoner, and lay many years in the Austrian dungeons, was suffered to escape at the same time. When he was taken by the Austrians, his friends, the Jacobins, had the government of France; when he was released, he found his friends proscribed by the re-action which took place after the death of Robespierre, and, as an Austrian dungeon was no school of philosophy or politics, it was but reasonable to expect that he would come out of it with the same political principles with which he entered it.

BRITISH POPULATION.

THE act directed that a general enumeration should be made on the 10th March, 1801, in England and Wales, and in Scotland as soon after as possible. The summary

of the enumeration appeared to be as follows:

	Persons.
In England	8,331,434
— Wales	541,546
— Scotland	1,599,068
— Army and Militia ...	198,351
— Navy and Marines ..	126,279
— Merchant Seamen ..	144,558
— Convicts	1,410
Total....	10,942,646

The total population of Great Britain is supposed to exceed the above number, as from some parishes no returns were received.

The number of houses in Ireland has been nearly ascertained, by the collection of the hearth-money tax, from which it has been computed that the population of that part of the United Kingdom somewhat exceeds 4,000,000.

The islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, and Sark, the Scilly islands, and the isle of Man, were not comprised in the enumeration. The total population of these islands has been usually estimated at 80,000 persons.

On these grounds, with a moderate allowance for omissions in the returns, the total population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, appears to be as follows:

	Persons.
England and Wales ...	8,872,980
Scotland	1,599,068
Ireland	4,000,000
Islands of Guernsey, &c.	80,000
Allowance for omissions	77,354
	14,629,402
Soldiers	198,351
Sailors	270,837
Convicts	1,410
Total....	15,100,000

The abstracts of the registers of baptisms, burials, and marriages, all concur in shewing that there has been a gradual increase of the population during the last century. It appears from the above accounts, that the enumeration of 1801 a-

mounts to 8,872,980 persons for England and Wales, to which number an appropriate share of the soldiers and marines is to be added. These appear to be about a thirteenth part; the existing population of England and Wales is therefore in the following table taken at 9,168,000, and the population therein attributed to the other years is given in proportion to the average medium of baptisms at the respective periods.

Population of England and Wales throughout the last century.

In the year	Population.
1700.....	5,475,000
1710.....	5,240,000
1720.....	5,565,000
1730.....	5,796,000
1740.....	6,064,000
1750.....	6,467,000
1760.....	6,736,000
1770.....	7,428,000
1780.....	7,953,000
1790.....	8,675,000
1801.....	9,168,000

The following table for Scotland, is formed in the same manner, but is of much less authority, as founded on a collection of no more than 99 registers from different parts of the country.

Population of Scotland throughout the last century.

In the year	Population
1700.....	1,048,000
1710.....	1,270,000
1720.....	1,390,000
1730.....	1,309,000
1740.....	1,222,000
1750.....	1,403,000
1760.....	1,363,000
1770.....	1,434,000
1780.....	1,458,000
1790.....	1,567,000
1801.....	1,652,870

REMARKS ON FEMALE DRESS.

IT has been a matter of some surprise among the curious, and of still greater concern among the benevolent part of mankind, that the present light, airy, and highly unsuitable dresses should prevail among females at this inclement

season of the year; more especially in a climate like our's, where we are subject to continual variations of weather, and sudden changes of temperature in the atmosphere.

Whether these fantastic fashions have been adopted from the French, some doubt; but, if the supposition be admitted, I believe it may be justly asserted, that they have been more pernicious and destructive in their consequences, than even French principles.

It is a well-known fact, that with us, by far the greater proportion of females die of consumption, or complaints in the chest, the foundations of which are commonly laid in colds, caught either by exposure to night-air, or perhaps, more frequently, from the *omission of due cloathing*: these, so often repeated, seem to produce an aptitude to disease: we hear them complain of chilliness, cough, pain in the side, or similar symptoms, which at first are looked upon as slight indispositions, are lightly treated, or perhaps wholly disregarded. Thus the insidious approaches of this direful malady are suffered to pass unnoticed. During the succeeding summer, its ravages are probably suspended, and they are flattered with returning health; but, no sooner do nipping frosts, or chilling winds, set in, than disease appears in an aggravated form, and, after a tedious confinement and illness, the hapless female is cut off in the bloom of life; or, should she be preserved by art through the cold months of winter, it serves but to ensure her death on their return. This is not an exaggerated picture, nor designed as a bug-bear to produce fear, but is every day seen verified in numbers of instances. Yet, whilst we see females of strong stamina, and robust constitutions, who, in the natural course of things, might have lived many years, fall victims to their own imprudence; we also observe others, who, with great delicacy of frame, and even pre-disposition to disease, are, by the use of proper means (and of these warm covering

is a most essential one) safely conducted through the dangerous period of youth.

The wearing of flannel underdresses has of late been strongly recommended by some eminent men of the medical profession, and the obvious advantages accruing from this practice have fully justified their recommendation; but it unfortunately happens, with many, the name of flannel carries with it an idea of something coarse or uncomfortable, when contrasted with the linen usually worn. This objection, however, exists but in imagination, and it requires only a trial to convince them that the wearing of it (particularly of the soft Welsh kind) is, of all other substances that come in contact with the skin, the most pleasant and genial. Without at all entering into a physical definition of its manner of acting, it need only be observed, that, by a constant transpiration from the surface of the body being kept up, an universal equable action is preserved between the superficial vessels, and those of the heart and large arteries; the functions of the organs essential to life are less liable to become disordered, and susceptibility to cold is considerably diminished.

If, then, ye aimable part of mankind, on the terms we have stipulated, the attacks of disease can be warded off, or rendered less frequent, your comfort can be secured, or your apprehensions allayed, listen to the dictates of your reason, and suffer not the tyrannical sway of fashion to beguile you out of that most estimable of blessings.....
"Health."

ANECDOTES OF THE PRESENT
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, ALEX-
ANDER I.

JUSTICE and clemency are in all cases the fairest and firmest pillars of the throne; and the prince, who, like Alexander the First, acts uniformly upon this principle, may rest securely upon the affections of his people. The short period of

his administration has been distinguished already by the noblest actions; as a proof of which we have only to peruse his excellent edicts, which are so full of humanity, affability, clemency, and justice; and especially his ordinance by which he has granted an unlimited freedom from informers and spies. He wishes his people to be informed and enlightened, and hates, therefore, every species of controul. He is persuaded indeed that a supreme governor is as necessary to an enlightened nation, as it is to a people in ignorance and error; but he knows that the former will venerate its sovereign with a thousand times more affection than the latter. He knows that the best administration of a state, can only advance in a parallel direction with the best progress of sound reason. Let his imperial letter be attentively perused, which he lately wrote to one of his grantees, and which is one of the fairest jewels of his crown. In what humane and paternal language does he there express himself on the degradation and slavish misery under which the Russian peasantry for the most part groan. He detests the idea of human creatures being bought and sold in the manner of cattle; and is engaged seriously in making such arrangements as may set bounds to such abuses for the future. To himself, besides the occupation of government, he allows so few pleasures or amusements, that the Emperor might be taken for a private person. Of the simplest appearance, and generally clad in the strictest style of military uniform, he is seen almost every day on the parade, and receives the petitions of suppliants himself, or gives orders to his adjutant for that purpose. With the greatest affability, and a pleasing smile, he salutes every one that comes in his way, and gives audience to each of them himself. He then takes an airing on horseback, attended only by a single servant; and when he meets with any of those persons whom he formerly knew when Grand Duke, he enters immediately into familiar conversa-

tion, and talks of past circumstances in the most engaging manner. Even those who are entire strangers to him, however disagreeable their subjects of conversation, and at times highly improper and impertinent, are frequently heard by him with the utmost composure, of which the two following are striking examples.

A young woman, of German extraction, waited once for the Emperor on the stairs, by which he was accustomed to go down to the parade. When the monarch appeared, she met him on the steps with these words in her mouth.... "Please your Majesty, I have something to say to you." "What is it?" demanded the Emperor, and remained standing with all his attendants. "I wish to be married; but I have no fortune; if you would graciously give me a dowry...." "Ah, my girl, (answered the monarch) were I to give dowries to all the young women in Petersburg, where do you think I should find money?" The girl, however, by his order, received a present of fifty rubles.

On another occasion, at the very moment when the Emperor had given the word of command, and the guard on the parade was just on the point of paying him the usual military honours, a fellow approached him with ragged garments, with his hair in disorder, and a look of wildness, and gave him a slap on the shoulder. The monarch, who was standing at that time with his face opposite to the military front, turned round immediately, and, beholding the ragamuffin, started at the sight, and then asked him, with a look of astonishment, what he wanted. "I have something to say to you, Alexander Paulowitz," answered the stranger, in the Russian language. "Say on then," said the Emperor, with a smile of encouragement, and laying his hands upon the vagabond's shoulders. A long solemn pause followed; the military guard stood still; and nobody ventured by word or motion to disturb the Emperor in this singular

interview. The Grand Duke Constantine alone, whose attention had been excited by the unusual stoppage, advanced somewhat nearer, to his brother. The stranger now related, that he had been a captain in the Russian service, and had been present at the campaigns both in Italy and Switzerland; but that he had been persecuted by his commanding officer, and so misrepresented to Suwarrow, that the latter had him turned out of the army. Without money and without friends, in a foreign country, he had afterwards served as a private soldier in the Russian army; and being wounded and mangled at Zurich (and here he pulled his rags asunder, and showed several gun-shot wounds) he had closed his campaign in a French prison. He had now begged all the way to Petersburg, to apply to the Emperor himself for justice, and to beg him to inquire into the reason of such a shameful degradation from his post. The Emperor heard him to the end with patience; and then asked, in a significant tone, "if there was no exaggeration in the story he had told?" "Let me die under the knout, (said the officer) if I shall be found to have uttered one word of falshood!" The Emperor then beckoned to his brother, and charged him to conduct the stranger to the palace, while he turned about to the expecting crowd. The commanding officer, who had behaved so shamefully, though of a good family, and a prince in rank, was reprimanded very severely; while the brave warrior, whom he had unjustly persecuted, was reinstated in his former post, and had besides a considerable present from the Emperor.

Every thing that savours of harshness or cruelty is abhorrent to the temper of this aimable Monarch: as an evidence of which we need only mention the well-known story of the torture inflicted on a poor Russian, who had fallen under the suspicion of having wilfully set fire to buildings. No sooner was the

good-natured Emperor informed, that this poor wretch had, upon mere suspicion, been put to the rack in the most inhuman manner; that he had given up the ghost in the midst of torments, and asserted his innocence with his last breath, than he sent immediately an officer to Casan, to investigate the matter to the bottom; and published at the same time that remarkable edict, in consequence of which, the term torture is for ever blotted out from the legal language of Russia.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

A new flexible tube for the gazes has been invented: it consists of a brass wire, twisted round a long thin cylinder, and covered with oiled silk, twice wrapped round, and, fastened, by means of thread, between the grooves of the wire. It is then again varnished, and covered in a spiral manner with sheep-gut, slit longitudinally, and again secured with thread. Lastly, to protect the whole from external injury, it is to be covered with leather in the same manner as the tubes of inhalers. These flexible tubes answer the same purpose as the very costly ones of elastic gum, similar to the hollow bougies made for surgeons.

Mr. E. Walker, in his experiments on the quantity of light afforded by candles, observes, that when a lighted candle is so placed, as neither to require snuffing, or produce smoke, it is reasonable to conclude, that the whole of the combustible matter which is consumed, is converted to the purpose of generating light; and that the intensities of light, generated in a given time by candles of different dimensions, are directly as the quantities of matter consumed; that is to say, when candles are made of the same materials, if one produce twice as much light as another, the former will, in the same time, lose twice as much weight as the latter. The following general law Mr. Walker states as the result of many experiments: Where combustion is com-

plete, the quantities of light produced by tallow candles are in the duplicate ratio of their times of burning and weights of matter consumed. For, by experiment, it is found, that if their quantities of matter be equal, and times of burning be the same, they will give equal quantities of light; and, if the times of burning be equal, the quantities of light will be directly their weights expended: therefore, the light is universally in the compound ratio of the time of burning and weight of matter consumed. Mr. Walker concludes, with observing, that it is the sudden changes produced by snuffing, and not the light itself, that does so much injury to the eye of the student and artist...an injury that may be easily prevented by laying aside the snuffers, and, in the place of one large candle, to make use of two.

It has been ascertained by Mr. W. Wilson, that the shavings of wood, cut under certain circumstances, are strongly electrical. From sundry experiments, it appears, that where very dry wood is scraped with a piece of window-glass, the shavings are always positively electrified; and, if chipped with a knife, the chips are positively electrified, if the wood be hot, and the edge of the knife not very sharp; but negatively electrified, if the wood be quite cold; if, however, the edge of the knife is very keen, the chips will be negatively electrified, whether the wood be hot or cold. If a piece of dry and warm wood is suddenly split asunder, the two surfaces, which were contiguous, are electrified, one side positive, and the other negative.

Mr. John Harriott has invented a new engine for raising and lowering weights, and for other purposes, by the action of a column of water. The principle of this engine consists in combining the power of the syphon with the direct pressure of a column or stream of water, so that they may act together. It works by means of the syphon constantly acting in concert with the

feeding stream of water, so that each alternately act on the upper and lower part of a piston, within a cylinder, as it were, reversing the syphon at each change; and the power is equal to a column of water of the same diameter as that of the cylinder, and equal in length to the height of the head above the tail-water. By this engine, it is said, that a boy can raise or lower goods of any weight, without other exertion than that of merely turning a cock to the stop-mark in the index. It raises and lowers goods with thrice the velocity usually produced by manual labour. The ingenious inventor has pointed out a variety of other purposes to which this discovery may be applied.

It is said, from evidence arising from long experience, that straw or loose twigs, scattered over any plant or bed of plants, preserve from frost better than a solid or close covering; and that nets, three or four thick, hung on a wall before fruit-trees in blossom, preserves them better than any substance that quite excludes the air in any direction.

It has been found, that bags steeped in a solution of nitre will effectually keep off the weevil, and other destructive insects, from corn during the longest voyages.

It is said, that olive-oil, gently boiled for a considerable time, in a copper vessel newly tinned, is an effectual cure for cancers. The oil must be brought to the consistency of ointment, and then constantly rubbed on the part affected for two or three weeks or longer.

A new and cheap polishing substance has been found out. It consists of pieces of old hat (which are dyed with iron) immersed for a few minutes in sulphuric acid: the iron passes to the state of red oxide, and they then become excellent pieces for giving the last polish to the hardest matters.

The following is recommended as a simple and easy method of obtaining water in almost any situation:—The ground is perforated by a borer. In the perforation is

placed a wooden pipe, which is driven down with a mallet, after which the boring is continued, that the pipe may be driven still farther. In proportion as the cavity of the borer becomes loaded, it is drawn up and emptied, and in time, by the addition of new portions of wooden pipe, the boring is carried to any depth, and water is generally obtained.

The following are the antiquities which have been collected in the excavations at Herculaneum, and presented to the French government:—In gold, a bulla, a collar, a pair of bracelets, a pair of ear-pendants, a ring with a stone (diamond), and a simple ring. In silver, a needle to hold the hair. In bronze, a small statue of Hercules, another of Mercury, a Priapus, a Tripod, a Patera, a *Frafericula*, a gilt cup with two handles, a seal, two craters with feet, six candle-sticks, four lamps, a lamp-supporter, to which four lamps are suspended, a vessel for oil, a patera for perfumes, four currying combs to be used in the baths, an oval vessel to throw water over the back, a casque, two pieces of armour for the defence of the legs, and part of the thighs, two pieces of armour for the defence of the lower part of the legs, an armour for the defence of the shoulders, and a frying pan.

It appears, from some experiments made by Mr. E. Walker, that acoustic instruments may be constructed, for conversing at a distance, without the assistance of tubes to convey the sound. "Ex. 1. I took a deal rod, sixteen feet long, and about an inch square, and, after having fixed one end of it into the small end of a speaking trumpet, I laid it upon two props, in an horizontal position. One of the props was placed under the trumpet, about three inches from its wide end, and the other prop was placed near the other end of the rod: another speaking-trumpet was then laid across the rod, about three inches from the end. The wide part of this trumpet rested upon the rod, but the other end was sus-

pended by a riband. The apparatus thus adjusted, I introduced a watch into the end of the trumpet, and, applying my ear to the cross-trumpet, I heard beats much louder than if the watch had been at the distance of a few inches only. The sound appeared to come out of the cross-trumpet, although the watch was at the distance of seventeen feet and a half; and, when it was laid into the cross-trumpet, it was heard equally well at the end-trumpet. Ex. 2. My assistant in these experiments being seated at one end of the trumpet, and myself at the other, a conversation took place through this apparatus, but in whispers too low to be heard through the air at that distance. When the ear was placed in a certain position the words were heard as if they had been spoken by an invisible being within the trumpet; and the sound was more distinct, softer, and more musical, than if they had been spoken through the air." Mr. Walker infers from these experiments, that, if a communication was made on this principle between a shop or warehouse, and the dining-room, &c. it might contribute to the dispatch of business; and instruments might be formed on the same principle, and introduced between the parlour and servants-hall, so that directions might be given to a domestic without his entering the room, and in whispers too low to disturb the company.

Captain Wilson, the gentleman who was wrecked at the Pelew Islands, is just returned from China, and reports, that the Keys to the Chinese Language, lately published in London by Dr. Hager, have been presented to the gentlemen of the English factory at Canton, and to some of the Chinese literati, and that the work has met with their complete approbation. Several persons, and among them a son of Captain Wilson, have been induced, by the aid of this introduction, to commence the study of the Chinese Language. Dr. Hager is now at Paris, preparing for publication a Chinese and French Dictionary, un-

der the patronage of the French Government.

It has been found by Dr. Nauche, at Paris, that a person perfectly blind may be made to perceive very lively and numerous flashes of light, by bringing one extremity of the voltaic pile into communication with the hand or foot, and the other with the face, skin of the head, and even the neck. That reiterated applications of Galvanism, when they comprehend the half trunk, produce in the person subjected to them great agitation, many reveries, involuntary tears, increased secretion of the saliva, an acid alkaline taste, a great secretion of the urine, and increase of heat and transpiration, and of perspiration in the Galvanised parts. That the action of the Galvanic fluid may be increased by drawing it off by a sharp point.

*Journey to Mont Blanc.....*M. Forneret, of Lausanne, and the Baron de Dortheren, have undertaken a new journey to Mont Blanc. After two day's travel, they arrived at the summit, when the tempestuous weather obliged them to sit rolled up together with their guides, for fear of being precipitated. The cold which they felt here was six degrees beneath the freezing point; the variety of the air, and the extreme pungency of the cold, lacerated their lungs in so cruel a manner, that they declared no motive should induce them ever to recommence so painful a journey.

Iffland, Manager of the Berlin theatre, equally distinguished as an actor and a dramatic-writer, has deserved well of the Stage, by publishing a series of tasteful theatrical decorations and costumes. He is the Talma of the Germans. The second number of this work has appeared, and, like the first, contains eight well executed plates in small folio, exhibiting scenes from the most favourite German dramas. No. 2. viz. Orantes, the Arabian Ambassador (in the tragedy of *Rodogune*) is drawn with striking fidelity, according to the antique. Another old work, *Dædalus* and his

Statues, a pantomimic dance, (*Berlin-slander*) is deserving of honourable mention. This ballet, the music to which was composed by Rhigini, was danced by the Court at Berlin, under the direction of Mr. Hirt, the celebrated antiquarian. *Dædalus* is here supposed, under the guidance of Minerva, to have animated whole groups of ancient heroes. There are ten of these groups; and the whole is represented by Hummel, an artist of distinguished merit, in twelve excellently-designed and coloured copperplates. In the commentary, which accompanies the prints, Mr. Hirt introduces his fair readers dancing into a knowledge of the fairy-world of antiquity.

A method has been discovered and practised with success, by M. Bertrand, at Metz, of extracting a spirit from potatoes. The process is as follows: Take 600 lbs. of potatoes, and boil them in steam about three-quarters of an hour, till they will fall to pieces on being touched. The vessel in which they are boiled consists of a tub, somewhat inclined. In the lower part of it are two holes, one for the purpose of bringing in the steam produced in another vessel over a coal fire, and the other made to carry off occasionally the condensed water. After the potatoes are boiled, they are crushed and diluted with hot water till they are of a liquid consistence; then add twenty-five pounds of ground malt, and two quarts of wort; the mixture is to be stirred, covered with a cloth, and kept to the temperature of 15° of Reaumur, or of 66° nearly of Fahrenheit. After fermentation, and the exhalation of the carbonic acid, the matter sinks down, and is fit for distillation. By means of two stills, this mass may be rectified in one day, and it will produce about forty-four quarts of spirit, worth a guinea and a half, while the whole cost, including coals and labour, is about twenty-three shillings and sixpence. The residuum is good food for hogs.